



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07480187 3

- 
1. American literature - Misc.
  2. Christian life

5/17

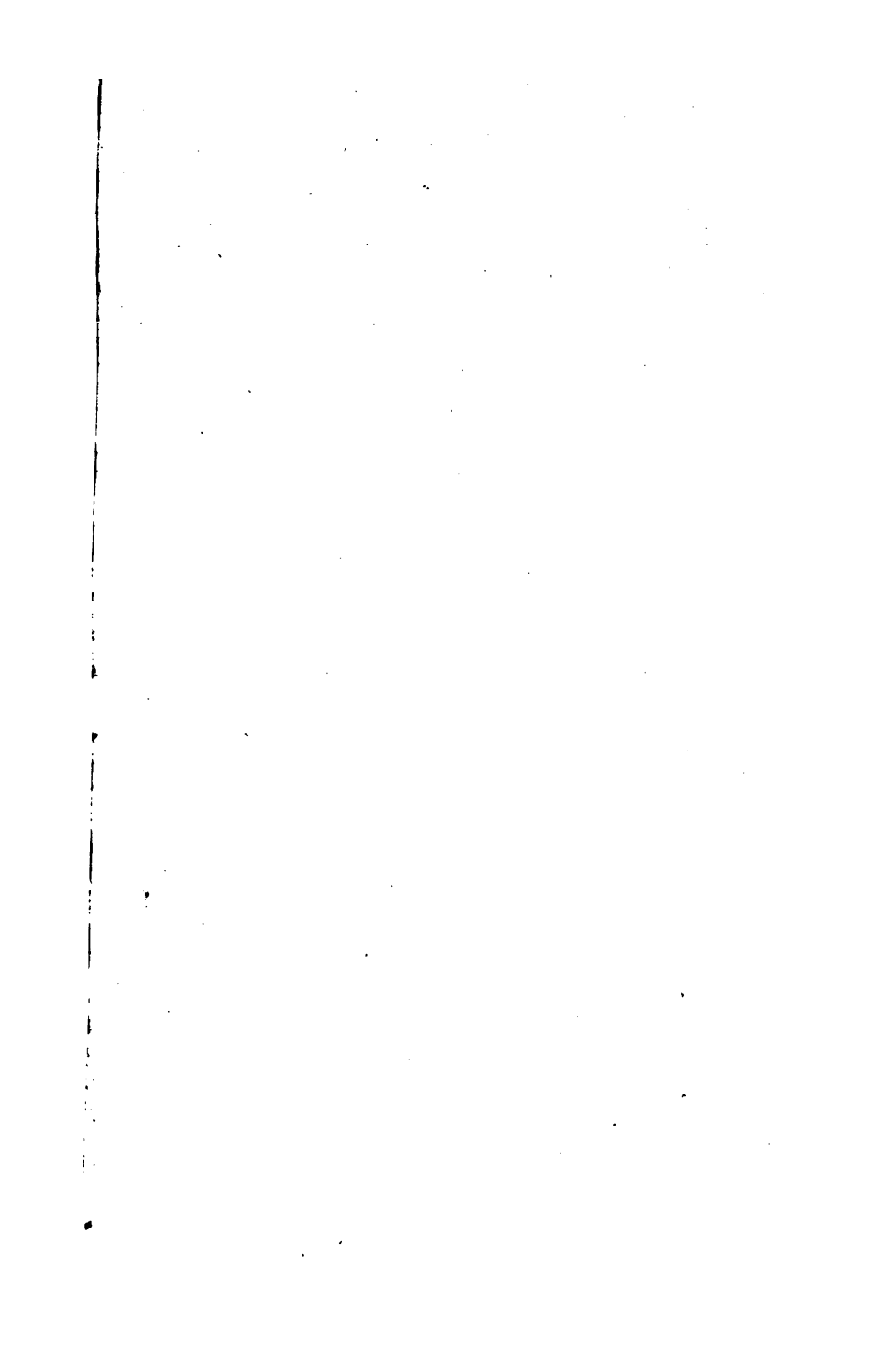
Ed 101

8/10/11

1/11

NBY  
Brower







RECREATIONS OF A MERCHANT,  
OR THE  
CHRISTIAN SKETCH-BOOK.

'Let literature be an honorable augmentation to your arms, not constitute the coat or fill the escutcheon.'—COLLIERIDGE.

'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'—HOLY WAIR.



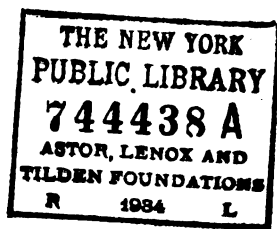
BY WILLIAM A. BREWER.

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER,  
D. K. HITCHCOCK & G. N. THOMSON.  
PHILADELPHIA:  
GEORGE W. DONOHUE.

1836.

75





ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by  
D. K. HITCHCOCK,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MASS  
DIST  
COURT

## P R E F A C E .

---

HOWEVER common a thing it may be for persons engaged in the busy affairs of mercantile or mechanical pursuits, to enter the field of literature, it is not very frequently the case that they publish *books bearing their own names and signets*. Still we are not aware of any special edict against such a proceeding ; and, as it regards the propriety of the thing, there cannot be a question, provided it be proper for such persons to write at all. For, surely every man should bear his own burden of obloquy, who writes badly : and on the other hand, it is but justice to him who writes acceptably and to the profit of his readers, that the credit should be given to him rather than to another. With these views, I have undertaken the compilation of the following pages, and now offer them, as a small tribute, upon the altar of our common literature.

Some of the contents of this volume have before appeared, as contributions to periodical and ephemeral publications in various parts of the Union, over the signatures, ' Wilhelm,' ' Guildhelm,' &c. As a whole, they are the result of those intervals of leisure with which every man is favored, — the

lighter tessellations in the track of life, — when the heart and mind, loosed from the bands of external circumstances, rising and flowing onward in their own willingness, like the luxuriant vine, clasp themselves to the objects of their own selection. Thus it will appear that the mode of recreation which has been a favorite with me, I have chosen *because I loved it*; a motive which governs every man in the selection of his amusements. I have also chosen it, because I esteem the channel of *influence* presented in the popular press, an object that should not be overlooked by any, whose taste, temperament, and judgment at all incline to literary pursuits. I trust my choice will not prove baleful, but rather profitable to the interests of my readers.

The favor with which many of the pieces have been received, which have been published from time to time, is a source of gratification which I delight to acknowledge, and operates as one inducement to present them to the public in the present form. Still, I publish them not without diffidence, and particularly at the solicitation of friends in whose judgment I am wont to place confidence. Fame I expect not — ask not. My highest ambition is to do good; and should I satisfy myself that I have accomplished my object in any degree — even to the lifting up of one reverential aspiration, or the calling forth of one emotion of benevolence in any one of my readers, I shall feel amply compensated for any labor that may have attended the collation of the contents of my portfolio.

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 10, 1836.

# CONTENTS.

---

The Influence of Young Men, - - - - -	13
Thoughts of a Dying Philosopher, - - . - - - -	20
The Dying Milanese, - - - - -	22
Moonlight on the Hudson, - - - - -	23
Pastimes, - - - - -	25
The Widow's Son, - - - - -	26
The Epistle, - - - - -	28
Maternal Affection - - - - -	41
The Dead Stranger, - - - - -	42
The Angel Message, - - - - -	45
Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem, - - - - -	47
The Cosmopolite. No. 1, - - - - -	49
“ “ “ 2, - - - - -	51
“ “ “ 3, - - - - -	56
“ “ “ 4, - - - - -	59
“ “ “ 5, - - - - -	65
“ “ “ 6, - - - - -	70

On seeing a Portrait of my Father, - - - - -	77
Hymn for a Temperance Meeting, . - - - - -	77
The Sabbath School, - - - - -	78
Young Cottager's Song, - - - - -	80
The Slandered, - - - - -	81
Hymn for a Temperance Meeting, - - - - -	83
The Widow's Burial, - - - - -	84
The Bible, - - - - -	87
The Overthrow of the Midianites, - - - - -	89
The Theatre as it is, - - - - -	91
Letters on Sabbath Schools. No. 1, - - - - -	101
"        "        "        "    2, - - - - -	103
"        "        "        "    3, - - - - -	109
"        "        "        "    4, - - - - -	114
"        "        "        "    5, - - - - -	117
"        "        "        "    6, - - - - -	123
"        "        "        "    7, - - - - -	129
"        "        "        "    8, - - - - -	133
"        "        "        "    9, - - - - -	138
"        "        "        "   10, - - - - -	141
The Poor Artist, - - - - -	148
Comforts in Winter, - - - - -	151
The Birth-day Coronal, - - - - -	152
Thoughts at the Funeral of the Rev. B. B. Wisner, D. D. -	154
Alone on the Sabbath, - - - - -	156
'Joy in Heaven,' - - - - -	157
The Christian Father's Lament, - - - - -	158

**CONTENTS.**

vii

<b>A Visit to a Dying Friend, - - - - -</b>	<b>159</b>
<b>A brief chapter on Jewelry, - - - - -</b>	<b>162</b>
<b>Mount Auburn, - - - - -</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>To my Sabbath Scholars, - - - - -</b>	<b>171</b>
<b>A Travelling Sketch, - - - - -</b>	<b>176</b>
<b>“ “ “ - - - - -</b>	<b>179</b>
<b>“ “ “ - - - - -</b>	<b>182</b>
<b>Prayer for the Union. - - - - -</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>The Conclusion, - - - - -</b>	<b>190</b>



**RECREATIONS OF A MERCHANT:**  
**OR THE**  
**CHRISTIAN SKETCH-BOOK.**

---

**MORAL INFLUENCE OF YOUNG MEN.**

*Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν* — ‘Know thyself’ — was a celebrated saying of Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece, uttered about six hundred years before the Christian era. And it is a sentiment which has met with a hearty response in the bosoms of the wise in every succeeding age; that is echoed from the book of divine inspiration, in reiterated strains of monitory instruction to the friends and followers of the Redeemer; and one which deserves to be engraven upon the understanding and the heart of every human being, but which should especially shine forth in letters of living light, as a



frontlet upon the brow of every *young man* in this great and rapidly-growing Republic. For, as intelligence and virtue are the acknowledged main pillars in the temple of our liberties, a considerable degree of self-knowledge is essentially necessary to all who are the recipients of the rich patrimony of our fathers, and more especially to the *young men* who are just entering the arena of public action and responsibility, in order to the due appreciation of their intellectual and moral faculties, and the preparation of themselves to put forth their energies in such manner as to effect the greatest amount of security to the public weal, and the most extensive dissemination of the blessings which flow from the establishment and maintenance of free institutions, as well as to ensure their own accession to higher and higher attainments in the scale of intellectual and moral being.

That there is a large amount of latent talent and intellectual energy among the young men of this community, which as yet remain undiscovered to their possessors simply from the want of a knowledge of themselves, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. Neither can it be doubted that there is a mass of moral principle engrafted in the hearts of young men, who are as yet quite unconscious of its strength, — having never suffered this embryo conservative of their own bosoms to develop itself. Now it is the object of the writer of this essay, to

---

call upon his contemporaries, with a fraternal voice, and ask them to apply, each one to himself, these questions, which he desires candidly to apply to his own mind, and conscientiously to contemplate and decide upon, as a duty which he owes to himself, to his country, and to his God: to wit, — Am I doing *anything* to enlighten the minds of the ignorant? *What* am I doing? Am I exerting my *utmost* power to dissipate the mental darkness that enshrouds multitudes of minds in the community in which I live? Am I doing *anything* to make mankind better than they are? *What* am I doing? Am I doing *all that in me lies* to elevate the standard of morality in the community, and *all that is possible* for me to do, in order to affect the hearts of men with the divine principle of love, so that all their conduct may be regulated by its benign influence?

To answer these questions intelligently and satisfactorily, we shall have to scrutinize our whole intellectual and moral character, we shall have to subject ourselves to a rigid course of self-examination. For we cannot decide whether we are exercising our intellectual and moral natures to the extent of their capabilities, until we are thoroughly acquainted with our moral and intellectual resources; or in other words, until the diagram of our higher nature is carefully drawn out to the mental vision, and studied, till the impress of its lineaments

shall be indelibly engraven upon the tablet of our memories, so that we may not be as him, who in a glass 'beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.' We shall also have to know something of the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed by the providence of God, and something of the peculiarity of the times in which we live; or in other words, we must acquaint ourselves with the field in which we are to labor—the extent of its area and the quality of its soil, in order to know the proper times for us to labor, and the kind of labor we must bestow, to render it productive to the greatest possible extent.

Let no one shrink from an examination of these inquiries from the persuasion that *he* cannot do anything to improve society. Let no one say 'I have not the talents that are requisite to render myself serviceable in the elevation of the standard of either intellect or morals in the community.' For this would be passing quick judgment in reference to a subject, with which—it is feared—we are none of us but partially acquainted. And such judgment would seem rather contrary, too, to the indications of the Bible, which in no place informs us of an instance where less than one talent has been dispensed by the Father of lights. We are all, in the providence of God, gifted with some talent, which, if rightly improved, may render us far more

serviceable in our day and generation than we have any adequate apprehension of. One of the most brilliant writers\* of the age has remarked that even: 'one great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure individual, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated—and, like an undying fire, may illumine and quicken all future generations.' And Cowper, in his sublime description of the retired saint, says—

'Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,  
 \* \* \* Perhaps she owes  
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring,  
 And plenteous harvest; to the prayer he makes,  
 When, Isaac like, the solitary saint  
 Walks forth to meditate at eventide,  
 And think on her who thinks not on herself.'

Now the truth of such high testimonials to the power of individual influence as the foregoing, no one will question. They carry with themselves the conviction of their correctness. And if one thought communicated to this busy world, is capable of producing a great moral revolution, how mighty and extensive must the revolution be, produced by a constant succession of ideas emanating from a cultivated and well-regulated mind! If one good man may draw down from Heaven the richest temporal and spiritual blessings upon a

\* Rev. Dr. Channing.

world, who would not aspire to the moral elevation which *he* has attained, that he *also* may reap a rich harvest of gratitude like that which shall hereafter flow from the hearts of multitudes who shall arise and call *him* blessed !

This has been rightly termed 'an age of action.' But it is also true that it is an age of impulse and feeling ; and, it is to be feared, it is also an age of far too little contemplation. Now action, however vigorous, and however benevolent, if not *intelligently* directed to the accomplishment of its object, may not only fall far short of success, but may subvert the very end it was designed to answer. Therefore, as a community becomes more active in plans of benevolence, and more zealous for the promotion of the good of any particular portion of its constituent elements that may seem to claim its especial interest and sympathy, there should also be a progressive advance in intelligence, lest the good of the whole be endangered by premature and crude action, or the interests of the part be actually put back by the overbearing restlessness of unenlightened generosity. 'Zeal without knowledge' is fearful in its consequences and its responsibilities.

We have said that it is 'an age of action.' It is peculiarly so in this country ; and infidelity and misrule drink deeply into the spirit of the age. Every adversary of intellectual and moral progress,

every enemy to civil and religious liberty is rallied, and the contest lies between them and the genuine disciples of the pilgrims of Plymouth rock — the well-wishers to our country and the world. And there must not, nay, there cannot be any neutrality in this contest. He that is not panoplied for the support of virtue and the laws, and thus of freedom, will not need to be classed with the foes to good principles; for already is *he* claimed as a *choice spirit*, who will do nothing against their cause. Where then is *my* field of action? What course of conduct shall *I* adopt and pursue? Is there not some thought that I can communicate to the world through the medium of an open press, or that I can present at some meeting for benevolent purposes, or that I can convey to the bosom of a personal friend, that will urge on the progress of order and every good principle in the community? Is there not some prayer that I can offer, to avert the clouds of calamity that threaten the liberties of our country, and which retard the increase of the American Zion? Brethren, (for my sympathies delight especially in regarding all young men as my brethren) let us awake to our duty, and manfully seize upon every opportunity to do good; for there is a great and good work to be done, and there are great responsibilities resting upon *us*. There is a great battle to be fought. Let us then gird ourselves to the warfare. Let us be careful

to improve all our talents, and rightly use all our energies. And be assured, if we are faithful, we shall rescue and bear away in safety the ark of our civil and religious liberties, to be enshrined forever in the sanctuary of peace; for the Lord of Sabaoth is on our side.

---

### THOUGHTS

OF A DYING PHILOSOPHER.

A firm religious belief creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity.

SIR H. DAVE'S SALMONIA.

Where are the sable curtains that are wont  
To hang the couch of death? And where those sprites  
That cluster round the valley of the shade  
Of death? Where are those moans that rend the ear  
Of living and of dying, as they break  
From each in fatal sympathy and dark  
Forebodings for the event of this probation?  
Where are those lowering thunderbolts of wrath,  
That wait to strike the sinner down to hell—  
Those lightnings, too, of guilty consciousness,  
That pass quick judgment on the soul that gives  
Their flashings out? I see nor hear them here. —  
But there are angels hovering o'er my bed,  
And shutting out with plumed drapery  
Those blasts that chill the soul and cause its blood  
To curd with quick recessions — hastening death.  
Their golden wings light up a halo round,

That gently blends the night of death with day  
 Eternal and unchanging. Not a cloud  
 Flits o'er the surface of my mind, but such  
 As, clad in richest iridescent tints,  
 Bear faith and hope and heaven begun within  
 From God, whose covenant mercy bids me joy  
 In death's embrace.

Blest Paraclete, Divine !

'T was thou who didst remove the film that dulled  
 My spirit's vision, and hast made the truth  
 My eager errand here. And since I've found,  
 And — quickened by thy gracious impulse — have  
 From erst proclaimed it, as it shone around  
 In radiant readings to the mental eye,  
 From intellect, creation animate,  
 From minerals and shells and fossils rare,  
 The undulating pool, and caverned deep,  
 Reverberating forests, flowers, gems,  
 From sere and green, from heat and cold, rain, hail  
 And snow, the dashing cataract, the rill,  
 The ebullient crater, atmosphere, the stars,  
 The planets, sun and moon, the air, and from  
 Those distant orbs, whose swiftly travelling light  
 Has ne'er reached earthly vision since the world  
 Was spoke from chaos ; — and since faith has e'en  
 Begun to realize that crystal bliss  
 It often pointed mortals to, and that's  
 Foretold within the sacred volume, and  
 To reap the consummation of its hopes  
 And brightest picturings ! — my errand's o'er ;  
 Receive my spirit, Holy Emanant !

Adieu, earth — friends — philosophy ! I go  
 Where truth's unmixed and plain, discoverable  
 To all : where gold is pure without assaying ;  
 And gems lie free from marl ; where rivers clear  
 Burst from the Fount of Life, and water fields  
 Of everlasting verdure ; and where love



Is universal, and is seen and felt  
 And known without analysis. I die.  
 My spirit 's on the wing. The heavenly gates  
 Are opened : notes of joy I hear within !  
 Adieu --- adieu ! I enter in --- adieu !

---

### THE DYING MILANESE.

A citizen of Milan, sixty years of age, had never been forth of the walls of the city. The Prince hearing of it, commanded him not to stir out. Being now forbidden that which all his life he had neglected, he earnestly desired ; and being denied, he died of grief.

SCENES'S ANAT. MILAN.

A BRIGHTER day ne'er shone on Italy.  
 And never did her palaces and towers  
 Cast forth a shade more grateful ; nor the breeze  
 From off the placid bosom of her lakes,  
 Steal to more thankful hearts than on that day.  
 The happy crowds pressed Milan's busy mart —  
 Already peopled with the living shades  
 Of her rich statuary, starting forth  
 As 't were to welcome them. Adda just plashed ;  
 And Tesin's undulations sparkled up,  
 Only to increase the splendor of the scene.  
 Gay thousands quaffed the olive-scented air,  
 And trod the shady groves without the walls  
 Neglectfully.

But there was one, whose mean  
 Stole on the ear of her, whose sympathies  
 Impelled an entrance to his latticed cot,  
 That she might ply that tenderness which glows  
 From woman's heart so brightly. Blessed hope —  
 Alas ! she entered just to see him die.  
 He laid --- a hoary man in tears --- his heart  
 Replete with sadness such as burns, when pressed

By wanton tyranny or reckless hate.  
 He muttered out his imprecations, and  
 By turns his prayers, when reason flashed his soul.  
 His eyes glared crazily. His long white locks  
 Flowed o'er his tattered robe, as he turned toward  
 The vine-hung window, or was gently fanned  
 By the soft breeze that passed the willing door.  
 The sweet of rustling groves, which kindled up  
 The glee of thousands, was to him Siree,  
 Breathing out death and his sad requiem.  
 For, he was left of nature's richest gift,  
 Sweet Liberty, dearer to him than life.  
 His scant philosophy was spent. He gasped —  
 He died — a victim to the cruel hand  
 Of one, whose rank possessed him of the power  
 To indulge his wicked curiosity  
 At virtue's peril. The proud prince had made  
 His house a prison ; but the Lord prepared  
 A home for him in Heaven, where his soul,  
 Wearied with earth, should rest in peace, and where  
 The gates of Paradise are open flung  
 To all who tread the golden streets above.

---

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

A SOLILOQUY.

Out, out from the bounds of my walled habitation !  
 Abroad let me sail, and con the creation !  
 In its wide extent, the horizon I'll scan,  
 And the dome of the earth my fancy shall span.

Light, light ply the glistening blade of the oar,  
 Nor sever the shrub-shades that lie 'long the shore ;  
 For every plash on the still water mars  
 The beauty that sleeps on this river of stars.

On, on let the boat in its willingness glide,  
 Nor hasten its motion o'er the silvery tide :  
 The spirit of song delights here to hover,  
 To inflame the glad soul of the midnight rover.

List, list to that horn, as its mallow notes, pealing  
 From the highlands, are borne on the light wind that's stealing:  
 How the thrill wakes the soul to the memory dear  
 Of patriot saints in a far distant sphere !

Mark, mark too that monument\* pointing the skies, —  
 In snowy simplicity see it arise,  
 At once the pure emblem of patriot love,  
 And guide to the patriot's rest place above.

Look, look how the moon-rays, abroad spread so bright,  
 Behind the high hills like a canvass of light,  
 Display Nature's pencillings ! See how the trees,  
 Rich with dew-pearls, glitter, when mov'd by the breeze.

Calm, calm is the scene, and how peaceful my motion—  
 All nature is fulgent,— how fit to devotion !  
 While the myriad lamps burn brightly and o'er  
 This scroll of God's goodness,— I'll read and adore !

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet, sweet are my musings,— but there's a thick cloud  
 In chase of the moon, with darkness to enshroud  
 The earth and its beauties. Make quick for the shore!  
 I must lay by my shell, and take to my oar.

\* The monument erected to the memory of the Polish patriot Kosciuszko, by the cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point, A. D. 1838.

## PASTIMES.

There's beauty in the violet's vest,  
 There's honey in the hawk.      NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

FELLOW ! there is a healthful loveliness  
 In summer-wandering, when the press of cares  
 And weightier duties gives a needful place  
 To those which flow from leisurable times.  
 'Tis sweet to trace the wild-flower's redolence  
 To its expanding emanant. 'Tis sweet  
 To cull the pebbles from the glassy rill  
 That winds the hillock. 'Tis a thrilling charm  
 To list the mellow carrollings of birds,  
 Echoing messages of Heaven from 'midst  
 Their verdant hiding-places, when the sun  
 In its red glory rising up — a world  
 With all the gracious levity of a bubble  
 Forth starting from its tiny messenger —  
 Casts its bland rays through the interstices  
 Of the broad leafy forest. And there is  
 A winning beauty in the jessamine,  
 When it expires and falls beneath the feet,  
 Scattering the dew-drops bright : how like the man,  
 Whose rich benevolence has prompted him  
 To deeds of over-sacrifice ; he dies —  
 His spirit, rising like a perfume cloud  
 To Heaven, shakes the cumbrous body off,  
 To speed its upward flight, and leaves the gems  
 Of character, a richer legacy  
 Than gold, to his fond heirs. There's beauty too  
 In every opening flower ; their petals are  
 The scrolls, their tints the record of a tongue,  
 Intelligible to the humble one,  
 Who willing sits to learn from Nature's book.  
 A passing loveliness pervades the hive,  
 Which glows with skill in architecture. And

The curious drapery of the web, which roofs  
 The hawthorn's odors in, or net-like hangs  
 To snare the careless fly, displays a rare,  
 Unrivalled ingenuity. 'Tis strange  
 That man should ever to his fellow cry  
 'Who'll show us any good?' when he may sit  
 At his own door or 'neath his vine, and pluck  
 The verdant blade that points to Heaven, or snuff  
 The fragrance from the new-blown flower, nor lack  
 A fruitful theme of meditation sweet.  
 Our God, who sits enthroned amidst the roll  
 Of the shechina, numbers up our hairs,  
 And bears the sparrow on his breath; and shall  
 We, then, disdain to count his mercies o'er—  
 Nor read his wisdom in that providence,  
 That throws alike the mountain up, and floats  
 The lingering particles on the sun-streams?

---

#### THE WIDOW'S SON.

Luke vii, 11—15.

THE sepulchre but closed  
 Upon a father's form, gaped wide for that  
 Of the dear son he left to fill the chasm  
 In a fond mother's heart. And quick sent forth  
 From Hell's mysterious court, insatiate Death—  
 The minister of grief to Earth—arrived,  
 And put his seal upon his placid brow.  
 The chill sweat betokened dissolution.  
 Those deep blue eyes that erst were wont to dart  
 With sympathetic fire, amidst the cares  
 And sorrows which so rent his mother's soul,  
 Had lost their lustre. And the heart that beat  
 So manful in behalf of her, grew slow  
 To obey his spirit's mandates.

— He died !

The widow's only son ! And sorrow pierced  
The soul of his fond mother, with a force  
Unwonted. For, the silver cord that bound  
Their souls in one to earth, was severed far.  
Though loving and beloved by all, her cup  
Of life was bitterness indeed. The hope  
And comfort of declining years had fled.  
The paths of life which once with beauty glowed,  
Had e'en been stripped of every irid tint,  
And nought but blackness clad the scene before —  
Darkness and clouds hung round futurity.

The lonely burial-day arrived. And stretched  
Upon a bier, the cold, pale corpse of youth,  
And yet lingering loveliness and beauty,  
In aromated grave-clothes wrapt, was borne,  
Far from the hearth of former cheerfulness,—  
Made glad by radiations of his heart  
So pure and heavenly. The widowed mother  
Followed. Incontinent of grief, she wept.  
And multitudes sought much to comfort her  
In vain. For, through the weakness of the flesh,  
Her willing spirit drooped to Nature's balm.  
The dark funereal train moved slowly on  
Unto the gate of Nain, which opened toward  
The burial-place of his loved ancestors.  
And soon the relics of those blasted hopes  
Were to have been shut up from earthly eyes  
Forever. The widow's tears flowed wildly.  
But Oh ! a harbinger of life approached —  
God, manifest in flesh — compassioned her,  
And bade her weep no more. The sweet command  
Lit up a peaceful halo round her brow.  
He came, and touched the sable bier. And quick,  
As if by inspiration, they that bore  
The car of death halted. ' Young man, arise !'  
In accents tender, yet imperative,  
Burst from his sacred lips. The dead sat up

The crimson glow of by-gone days revived  
 Upon his cheeks. Those eyes, sparkling as wont,  
 Beheld the Son of God. That tongue, just mute  
 In death, began to speak. Our gracious Lord  
 Gave him — a free gift — unto his mother,  
 That they together, with enraptured hearts,  
 Might tread the cold meanderings of life,  
 And through the ages of Eternity  
 Shout praise and glory unto Him who was  
 And is *'The Resurrection and the Life.'*

---

• THE EPISTLE.

A TALE.

“ ’T was summer Sabbath’s eve  
 And nought disturbed the solemn stillness, save  
 The rippling of the argent stream that glid  
 Beside their mossy couch, and mirrored up  
 As well the bounding shrubbery, the source  
 Of its illumination, and the God  
 Who made them all. There sat the lovely Ann  
 And her fond Edgar.”

UNPUBLISHED MS.

“ O, ANN ! I received a letter yesterday from my  
 brother Alphonso.”

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed Ann — her deep blue  
 eyes meanwhile gathering an inexpressible bril-  
 liancy for the joy that pervaded her bosom, —  
 pr’y thee tell me something that he wrote, for — I  
 he well ? ”

"O yes, and in fine spirits."

"I am glad of that," said Ann, in a low tone, when — indulging herself for a moment in a pleasurable reverie of the speedy return of her old friend — she interrogated, "Has he left Gottingen yet?"

"O yes, several months ago," answered Edgar, and he is now travelling in England. Would that he were here. Even this streamlet from the Connecticut would plash more charmingly to his ear than ever before; and the river itself would be molten silver to his fond heart."

"Have you the letter, Edgar? The moon —"

"Yes, and will read, if possible, such parts as may be more appropriate to the Sabbath."

"So do, Edgar; for I love to hear *particulars* from absent friends so dear to me as your brother Alphonso."

"O," said Edgar — indulging for a moment a poetical glance of thought, as he intently looked upon the exterior of the letter, which he had hastily withdrawn from his pocket, — "Cynthia's lamp burns sufficiently bright. I can read the superscription, and —"

"The contents, the contents!" — exclaimed the warm-hearted Ann, rather impatiently. "Never mind the superscription."

"Well — to begin —"



*'Alnwick, July 18, 1828.*

'DEAR BROTHER,

'I cannot but acknowledge my neglect in not writing to any of our family these four or five months past, although I have received in the interim two kind letters from you, and one from sister Sarah. They were all directed and carried to Gottingen, (which place I left last February,) but, through the attention and kindness of a friend, they were forwarded to London, where I received them in April."

"He then proceeds," — remarked Edgar — "to give an account of London, &c. ; but, dear Ann, I will lend you the letter that you may read those parts, if you should desire it."

Edgar again recurred to the letter which he had momentarily waved from before his vision that he might catch the assent of his willing Ann, who gently bade him "proceed."

"He then goes on" — continued Edgar — 'You already perceive that I am still in the land of the living. I am also in good health, and happier than I have ever been before ; not because I am an inmate of "the merry homes of England," but in that I hope I have found a "pearl of great price."

'But to be more particular : — amidst the multitude of seemingly fortuitous blessings with which

my absence from home has been crowned, there is one event which by far holds the supremacy — a visit to “Glen Cot,” the residence of a scientific gentleman by the name of Harrod, about sixty miles from this place.

‘ When at Gottingen, I became strongly attached to a young gentleman by the name of Gray, an Englishman, who lives in this town. He has been my constant companion ever since the commencement of my second year at the university, — the partner of my joys and the sharer of my sorrows, — and previous to graduation, we formed a project of returning to England together; which design was consummated by our arrival in London on the tenth day of April.

‘ Having been in London about six weeks, and the review of the metropolis having become rather tedious than otherwise, Mr. Gray proposed moving towards home, and insisted upon having a continuation of my company to his father’s mansion. Grateful for his politeness and friendly regard, and having a desire to see Alnwick Castle, I was induced to assent. We accordingly took passage in a post-coach, and pursued our journey until we had arrived within about one hundred miles of this place, when Mr. Gray, who is quite a pedestrian, proposed that we should complete our journey on foot; to which I assented.

‘ Having disencumbered ourselves of all unneces-

sary baggage by presenting the same to the *lacquey de place* of a public inn, and having made up our small packs consisting of a light stock of food, and a few articles of apparel, and having obtained long staves from a neighboring grove, we commenced our pedestrian tour with every appearance of two rustics "going to town," as the Yankees say.

' We had travelled during the greater part of two days without any inconvenience — having lodged at the cot of a peasant who received us with great kindness — when our stock of food became exhausted. We travelled on, but met with no establishment at which we could replenish, and soon we became quite anxious for our welfare during the approaching night. The sun sank lower and lower in the horizon, - and for once I felt the palpitations of reluctancy on beholding the "God of the golden day" retire to his gorgeous couch in the west. Night seemed to draw on with unwonted haste; and neither cot nor villa presenting itself to our anxious view, we determined on climbing a little distance up the side of a hill not far distant, that we might have better command of the vista that stretched along the undulating road, and perchance discern some gleam of light, or catch some cheerful din, that would betray the lonely site of some sequestered dwelling, where we could obtain refreshment and rest our weary limbs.

' Scarcely had we reached the foot of the hill,

when with ecstasy we beheld through the shrubbery that filled the glen between this and another the faint and flickering glimmer of a taper. We immediately bent our course towards this newly-descried residence — notwithstanding some fears that arose in our minds in regard to the character of so secluded an abode — while tears of mingled joy and anxiety trickled down the ruddy cheeks of Gray, which, I suspect, are not often blanched with lachrymal suffusion, for he is pretty philosophical.

‘At length we attained the wicket that opened into the grounds adjacent to this sought-for cottage, which were laid out in a most tasteful and elegant manner. Before entering the gate, we regaled ourselves with the rich perfumes of the thousand spring-flowers that bordered the walks; and although we could not distinctly discern their varied hues, their redolence bespoke for them an unsurpassable degree of beauty, — a beauty which fancy, unaided by sensible witness to their fragrance, could never have portrayed in her gayest flights to gather a bouquet for a bride of romance. While resting upon the wicket, we discerned that the building was a low stone cottage with buttresses and battlements, and by the light that issued from the long and narrow windows beneath a drapery of woodbines which rudely curtained almost the whole front of the cot, we perceived that it was a fine specimen of the ancient Gothic style.

‘ Having passed through a long walk arched over with grape vines, we arrived at the entrance of this romantic cot, beneath the massively battlemented portico or vestibule of which, in niches carved from the buttressed pilasters upon the two sides of the door, were basso-relievo busts of Franklin and Milton — both of which, the light emanating from a large Gothic lantern suspended from the architrave enabled us distinctly to recognize. This classical appearance of the cot — *en passant*, an architectural anachronism very pardonable in the view of young British and American amateurs like ourselves — had removed most of our fears in regard to the character of the inmates, when, on turning to the door, and beholding the knocker — a bronzed bust of our Saviour crowned with thorns, which seemed to bespeak Christianity in the inhabitants — our fears became dissipated, and both of us simultaneously raised our hands and rapped.

‘ A young woman soon opened the door, and to her we explained the occasion of our call. After a short interval we were conducted through a long and beautifully groined arcade paved with polished marble tiles, to the drawing-room, where sat a silvered sire illustrating the studies of a young gentleman, by the exhibition of some mathematical diagrams upon a large distended sheet. As we entered, these two residents arose and received their rustic visitors with a great degree of affa-

bility, and conducted us to seats upon a huge settee, which, as well as most of the furniture and the wainscot on every side of the apartment, was of polished maple.

‘The first object that saluted our eyes on entering the room, was a large projecting pannel immediately opposite the door, on which was inscribed in letters of black and gold, — “Holiness unto the Lord.” Do you not already suppose that the effect of such an inscription upon the wainscot of a drawing-room must have been singular and powerful? It was so, indeed, Edgar. It solemnized our minds, and gave a cast to the conversation highly gratifying to the residents, and — from the beauty of diction, chasteness of expression, and manifest fervency of the piety of our fellow colloquists — exceedingly profitable to ourselves.

Having made ourselves and the object of our call known to our venerable host and the young gentleman — whom we afterwards learned was his only son — the sage bade us put off our packs, and immediately ordered some arrangements for our refreshment. In the interim of preparation for supper, our attention was alternately occupied with conversation and hasty glances at the furniture and decorations of the apartment. With the permission of our host, and accompanied by his son, we passed around the room, — the richness of the *coup-d’œil* and the unusual affability of the resi-

dents having pressed us to a familiarity which prompted us to ask so desirable a favor.

‘On one side of the fireplace, in a recess, was an elegant organ containing four most perfect stops, on the front and near the top of which was the inscription, “Te Deum Laudamus.” In a similar recess on the other side of the fireplace, was an ample book-case inscribed “Get wisdom; get understanding.” Upon a shelf which surrounded the interior of the room near the ceiling or top, were the busts of a numerous host of heroes, martyrs, poets, philosophers, &c., in plaster. The wainscot was hung with numerous pictures in remarkably mellow coloring, principally illustrative of prominent passages in Holy Writ. Among those which particularly elicited my attention, were a copy of Leonardo da Vinci’s celebrated “Cenacolo,” or “Last Supper,” “The Crucifixion,” “The Nativity of our Saviour,” and a very large copy of that enormous fresco of Michael Angelo, “The last Judgment.” A “Magdalen,” and copies of Correggio’s “Ascension” and “Night” (which latter embraces a representation of the “Holy Family,”) were the favorites of Gray. And when I tell you that all these and many more of less attraction to us, but perhaps of more real merit, are the productions of the Harrod family, you will doubtless be disposed—as we were—to accord to them superior taste, at least in the selection of designs, how-

ever much, to the mind of a profound artist, they may have sired in judgment.

The impression received from the contemplation of such subjects as were shadowed forth by these pictures, as well as from the mild and pious conversation of our young guide, greatly augmented the consciousness already awakened by the inscription upon the panel, that one thing was needful which had previously occupied little or none of my attention; the importance of which, even the highly moral example and precepts of our fond parents were not necessarily and immediately adapted to impress upon my mind: I mean — *Religion*.

Many indeed are the lessons of meekness, benevolence, temperance, charity, and other virtues, that have been taught us by our kind parents, but we have not been taught to exercise those virtues "as unto the Lord." With us, when I was at home, no family altar witnessed the offering up of "the morning and the evening sacrifice," neither was the voice of praise heard in all our dwelling. The gifts of a beneficent Providence were received as of right, — no blessing craved, no thanks returned. Far, very far different —

"Indeed, Edgar, you must lend me that letter," said the amiable Ann, as she wiped away a tear that stole from her eye. Her heart throbbed with the conviction that the duties referred to in the last few sentences of the letter, were sadly, ay, per-



happ generally neglected in the village where she resided ; and with an especial knowledge of, and interest in her father's household, she added, " I wish to read it to my dear parents, who — "

" Well, dear Ann," said Edgar in a soothing tone, " you shall have it ; as it is late in the evening, I will proceed, and finish this interesting account."

' Far different was the scene in this sequestered cottage. A bell announced the readiness of the table, and all the inmates assembled in the supper room. The whole company consisted of the elder Harrod, his son, his niece — a pleasant maiden between thirty and forty years of age — Mr. Gray and myself. After we were introduced by the wife to his niece, the whole company knelt while the old gentleman craved a blessing from " the Given of every good and every perfect gift." Our repast was abundant without superfluity — grateful without luxury — very like those to which we were accustomed when I was at home. When supper was over, all knelt again, while thanks were returned by the venerable host. At the conclusion of both the invocation and thanksgiving, the young gentleman resident solemnly responded, " Amen."

" The whole company, together with the servant who followed the group, withdrew from the supper room, and having entered the drawing room, the elder Harrod solemnly announced the commencement of the evening service ; the whole of

which was conducted in conformity with the prescriptions of the established church, — a chapter in the New Testament being read, followed by prayers and the "Gloria Patri" or Doxology, which latter was accompanied with the performance upon the organ by the younger Harrod.

After the conclusion of the religious exercises, we seated ourselves in a familiar circle, and the remainder of the evening passed away very agreeably in conversation upon literature, science, and religion, and "soft repose" ensued.

At an early hour we were awakened by the ringing of a bell, used to call the family to morning devotions, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the midst of this pious family about to engage in duties for which we had hitherto cherished little regard, but which — owing to the winning, courteousness and intelligence of those whose hospitality we were enjoying, followed with the blessing of Almighty God — now began to be pleasant, ay, delightful employments. We knelt in prayer; and never before had I perceived so much intrinsic beauty in the "Common Prayer Book," although for so many years we were accustomed to attend the ministrations of the Gospel at the "St. —'s church" on the hill at —, and never have I before had any correct estimate of the value of prayer, and of its soul-enkindling spirit; notwithstanding our former familiarity with that

"man of prayer," Parson ———, to whom you will recollect this epithet was often applied.'

\* \* \*

'After breakfast, — upon the refusal of our venerable host to receive pecuniary compensation for his Christian hospitality, and receiving a hearty welcome, together with an invitation to revisit the cottage, to examine the library and the extensive cabinet of specimens in conchology, mineralogy, and entomology, which this aged genius had been collecting during a long series of years, for the purposes of self-improvement and the instruction of his charge, (all of which we hastily viewed as we passed through the several rooms which contained them) we prepared our packs and staves, acknowledged the politeness and generosity of the residents, and reluctantly left "Glen Cot," while "farewell" dropped from each one's lips, and tears bedewed the cheeks of all.'

\* \* \*

"O, Edgar!" exclaimed Ann, joyfully, "I must have the letter now, and repair home. It will be a soft proposal to my parents, the power of which — I firmly believe — will effect a thorough reformation of our family."

"I willingly give it you, dear Ann. It has softened my own heart and that of my dear parents. May it do as much for thee! Let us away."

## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHAT theme so thrilling as a mother's love ?  
 What recollections half so dear, — what thoughts,  
 What rife imaginings so sweet as those  
 That picture forth the sainted form of her,  
 Who, with devoted spirit, used to kneel  
 Year after year, nor e'er forgot at night  
 And morn to come, and at my bedside pray  
 And weep for her loved son ? Oh, I have heard  
 Of one, who, for the love she bore to them,  
 Drained every vein to stay the mortal life  
 Of her fond offspring \* — sacrificing self  
 To gird their famished loins, — but never have  
 I known more true devotion of the soul,  
 Than that which lit my mother's bosom. Her's  
 Was the sweet sacrifice of spirit, which,  
 Like incense rises unto God : her prayers  
 And tears, the life-blood of the soul poured out  
 For me. Blessed be God, — she had a fount  
 To draw from, that shall never dry, but give  
 Perennial life to her pure spirit, and  
 To all who taste its flowings !

Child, — have you  
 A mother who thus pleads for you with God ? —  
 Be sure, she loves you with a purer love.  
 Prize her as a bright gift of Heaven, nor let  
 Her oft-repeated sacrifices rise  
 For you in vain.

\* A woman of Ancone, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and helpless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm ; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices and condiments, presented them with the beverage — thus prolonging the existence of her children, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported.

## THE DEAD STRANGER.

'Ad astra rediit.' — GOETHE'S EPITAPH.

THE mourners one by one are gathering, and  
 The sable corse-bier 's at the cottage door,  
 To bear away youth's spirit-mantle from  
 The hearth of his adoption in a land  
 Far from his father's house. I chanced to know  
 The nobleness of his fled spirit, and  
 It seemed that, rather than expelled by droop  
 Of physical strength, its greatness burst the bands  
 Of its incarceration, to ascend  
 To spheres of more congenial influences —  
 For, in the bloom of health, his manly form  
 Fell from its stateliness to quick decay,  
 Like a dashed vase whose fragments are past gathering.

Wake, wake, imagination, from thy dreams  
 Of earth ! Put on thy purest garments, and  
 Take to thyself a censer fragrant with  
 The offerings of truth : arise — ascend —  
 And worship at the hallowed altar of  
 Departed worth. Lovely rememberings  
 And sad ! come up, and image forth from death  
 The living in his strength ; that I may catch  
 Lucernal radiance from his walk, to light  
 My way through Earth's meanderings, to bliss.  
 Faithful ye are. The deep-tinged lineaments  
 Of his exalted character are spread  
 Before me, and, blent up with vividness  
 Of recollected strength and beauty, seem  
 To inspire the clay that lies here ; and though dead,  
 Alonzo speaks in all his wonted charms  
 And eloquence. I see him when the tide  
 Of trouble 's beating high with pitiless surge  
 Upon his father's roof, surrender all

The pure endearments of his vine-hung cot,  
To seek his fortune in a foreign land.  
I see him flushed with hope, when first he trode  
Columbia's happy soil — his azure eye  
Sparkling for joy to taste its blood-bought sweets  
Of liberty. I see him diligent  
From day to day, and in the house of God  
From week to week, — blest with untarnished health,  
A boon unspeakable. I see him, too,  
Bend at the chancel, in his golden locks  
That play luxuriantly upon his brow  
In the light winds, to receive the emblem of  
Regeneration from the trembling hand  
Of the old man of God who won his soul.  
His embarkation on the Christian race  
Is bright before me. All his ardent zeal  
Mixed up with wisdom, and his charity,  
Stand out in bold relief. But he was crossed :  
His piety cost him his friends and much  
Of his scant sustenance. Yet he bore up,  
To every ill, and onward pressed his way.  
His was a rough and thorny path. But he  
Trode the vicissitudes and shades of life,  
As tessellations in the track to Heaven ;  
And trials were but steps to Jesus' throne,  
Where he desired to mount and sacrifice  
Eternity to God.

Alas ! he's gone —

His dearest wish consummated — above.  
No more those eyes shall greet the hazy sky  
At early dawn, or cast the moon-rays back  
To the bright heavens, as upward raised in prayer  
From eve to eve they gleamed. No more those lips  
Shall soothe the sorrowing, nor speak warningly  
To wayward ones who eked his failings and  
Saw not their own. No more that choral tongue  
Shall tenderly submissive notes send up  
To Him whose sovereign providence is but

A furnace crucible to purify  
 The immortal from mortality, and fit  
 The soul for a celestial orbit, where  
 No atmosphere of disappointment reigns,  
 But where in unobscured and growing light  
 It shall become assimilate to Christ  
 The bright and morning Star. No more those hands  
 Shall share the scanty pittance with the sons  
 Of woe ; nor shall receive the symbol-bread  
 And chalice wine of Jesus' dying love.  
 Death holds in marmarcan chill the whole  
 External man. But the immortal soul  
 Ascends, and will forever, triumphing  
 O'er death and sin. Another Lazarus,  
 He rests in Abraham's bosom peacefully,  
 While the straight path through which his spirit passed  
 Its meek and quiet course, shall ever beam  
 With his example-light, that all who will  
 May follow him,

Patron of song ! whoe'er  
 Thou art, whose eye rests on my canvass-page,  
 Behold and contemplates the loveliness  
 And beauty of the unblemished subject of  
 This portraiture, but faintly pencilled. For,  
 There is transforming power in godliness :  
 Or mirrored forth from palaced saint, or from  
 The hovelled habitant of earth, 't will change  
 The earnest aspirant for heavenly bliss,  
 And stamp the impress of its image on  
 The soul, and serve a passport through the gate  
 Of the celestial Paradise beyond  
 This vale of tears.

## THE ANGEL MESSAGE.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man  
the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. — 1 Cor. ii. 9.

THE moon shines clear to-night, and I am bent  
On sketching. Spirit of the living God! —  
Withdraw the starry drapery that hides  
The heavenly city from the vulgar gaze  
Of listless mortals here below. Show me  
The spirit of a just man perfected  
In purity from sin and sorrowing,  
And lend a pencil dipped in Jesus' blood,  
That I may draft its winning lineaments  
In gracious colorings of love.

Thus, as the still hours of Sabbath passed,  
I mused. And thus my warm previsions rose  
To Heaven — when lo! a voice unearthly stole  
In silver accents on my ear.

'Hadst thou a thousand lives to live, and all  
Cheered with the sunshine of a happy mind,  
Or eloquence of angels, and the power  
To blend the radiance of the sun with all  
The bright prismatic glowings of the Bow  
Of Covenant, and the broad space it spans  
To figure in, and garden-sweet to tinct,  
Or Calvary's gore to liven up the sketch; —  
Hadst thou the harp of David, and the fire  
That burned within his bosom, or the coal  
Of inspiration lodged upon thy lips  
That once lit up Isaiah's; — hadst thou  
The brilliant fancy of a Solomon,  
Or couldst thou borrow all the skill that grows  
In all the bright intelligences who



Surround the throne of God, — 'twere vain indeed,  
 To attempt a lively portraiture of man  
 Freed from the guilt and power of sin, and clad  
 With Christ's salvation robe. Nor eye on earth  
 Could bear the dazzling of his face, nor heart  
 Expand to contemplate the leveliness  
 That beams from his smooth brow, as he  
 Strikes up the song of Moses and the Lamb,  
 Or drinks the unmingled wine of Jesus' love.  
 Could I enstamp my being on thy soul,  
 Perchance some faint impressions might be traced  
 Of his bright glory. But there are, oh ! man,  
 Libations poured for him, that angels e'en  
 Desire, but taste not. Joys they cannot scan  
 To him are freely given. And songs are put  
 Into his lips, they cannot understand.  
 Look in the apocalyptic mirror, and  
 Behold, as through the curtained portals shine  
 The glittering streets of Heaven. Trace out  
 The myriads of the just, the great white throne,  
 With all the holy ones that cry nor cease  
 Honor and glory to ascribe to God, —  
 And dwell upon the scene. Though dim, 'twill fill  
 The vision of thy loftiest faith. That scene  
 Is winning bright for thy fond fellow. But  
 The uncurtained blaze of Heaven's court  
 Would quick repel him to the world of woe.  
 Think not, weak man, a pencil then to wield,  
 To draft the spirits of the just in Heaven :  
 God only wields it, and portrays to life  
 Upon the tablet of the souls of those  
 Who, by his unearned grace, through Christ, are lent  
 Into a glorious identity.

## CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

Matthew xxi, 1-10.

THE drapery of twilight was withdrawn  
 From o'er Bethania: And the verdant peaks  
 Of Olivet glowed with the tinted beams  
 Of a bright morning's sun: The olive trees,  
 That graceful waved upon the mountain tops,  
 Glistened as though they had been showered with pearls.  
 The dew from mount and vale rolled up as 't were  
 A cloud of incense — mingling with perfumes  
 From many a wild flower that with petals open  
 Gave forth its treasure bland — and rose to Heaven  
 With beauteous iridescence. The grape-vines  
 With clustered tassels hung the olive groves  
 In rich festoons, and twined the almond trunks  
 With spangled garlands. Hushed was Kidron's plash.  
 The noble palms cast their long shadows forth,  
 Starting towards Jerusalem's high walls,  
 As though they were the heralds of the Lord.  
 The zephyrs hymned their soft and dulcet strains  
 Of peace upon the vines.

He came — the King  
 Of Sion — meek and sitting on an ass,  
 As 't was foretold by holy Zechariah:  
 Athirst for national aggrandizement,  
 The multitude — elate with false ideas  
 Of the Messiah's character and reign —  
 With zeal their garments cast beneath his feet:  
 And as they passed the hills of Olivet,  
 They cut down branches from the stately palms,  
 And strewed them in the way, and shouted loud  
 "Hosanna!" Quick from mount and vale and grove,  
 "Hosanna!" was re-echoed. The response  
 Of Nature, pealing back so thrillingly,  
 Excited them yet more. They shouted forth

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name  
 "Of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest !"

He reached the holy city, reckless of  
 Their oft reiterated praise, and went  
 Into the sacred temple. But the place  
 Where God his holy name did once record,  
 Was thronged by those who merchandized the dove  
 And lamb of sacrifice for love of gain.  
 He cast out those who thus perverted it ;  
 And multitudes in faith came in, of blind  
 And halt, to obtain his grace. He healed them.  
 And little children came and clustered round  
 The Lord, to witness his beneficence.  
 And glad Hosannas burst from the sweet lips  
 Of them, to whom the Lord had lately shown  
 The tokens of his greatest favors ; and  
 Of whom He said, " Suffer little children "  
 " To come unto me, and forbid them not. "  
 The unbelieving priests and scribes were vexed  
 And disappointed, when they saw his works,  
 And heard the simple yet expressive praise  
 Poured from those infant hearts unstained as yet  
 By sinning. Fools in scripture ken, malign,  
 They said unto Him, " Hear'st thou what these say ? "  
 Christ answered, " yea : " and with wont dignity  
 With pity and contempt commingled, stilled  
 Their taunts of enmity, by citing them  
 The sentiment of David's prophet-song :  
 " Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou  
 " Hast perfected thy praise ! "

\*The author is somewhat a literal quotation often heard in upon the euphony ;  
 still, he has always preferred, in quotations from Holy Writ, to adhere strictly to  
 the text.

## THE COSMOPOLITE.

## NO. I.

## Moral Influence a Duty.

It is the duty of every man, at every step he advances in his pilgrimage through this "mundane sphere," to propose to himself the inquiry, "*What shall I do to promote the greatest amount of happiness, or, by what means can I affect the greatest possible amount of good?*" He should look upon the great family of mankind as his brethren — the offspring of one common Father; and endeavor to break away from those feelings which too often — and perhaps always to a greater or less extent — tend to hedge up, confine, and uproot the shoots and tendrils of benevolence which have been transplanted into his bosom from the soil of Heaven, by the hand of Him who "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is not so important that he should inquire what *great act* of beneficence he should perform, as that he should constantly cherish the *spirit* of benevolence, which will lead him continually to seek the reformation of whatever is wrong in the neighborhood, the village, the community, the world; however trivial that wrong may appear to the view of a cursory observer, who reflects not that every good or evil act, or expres-

sion, or thought, even, is a nucleus around which gather virtue, holiness, happiness; or sin, abomination, misery. In short, he should be a citizen of the world, in the most extended sense of the term. His life should literally be a reflection of the character of the great Exemplar of beneficence, who "went about doing good."

With these views, it is my purpose, to offer the reader a few brief communications touching men and things—and especially embracing strictures, offered in the spirit of kindness and love, upon such open breaches of the order and interests of society as may come under my immediate observation, with the hope that *something may be done* to effect a reformation from such practices, by those whose more especial duty it may be to take cognisance of them, notwithstanding the suggestion may come from an obscure man.

## THE COSMOPOLITE.

NO. II.

Sabbath-Breaking.

It is related of Demosthenes, that "prince of eloquence," that he copied with his own hand the extremely voluminous history of the Peloponessian war, by Thucydides, as many as eight or ten times; that he might not only imitate, but possess the force and energy of the great historian. And the success with which his efforts were crowned, is but an illustration of the hard-earned distinction which decked with laurels the brow of numbers of the ancient Greeks and Romans. No talismanic influence advanced the great Socrates from the work-shop of the statuary to whom he was apprenticed, to the highest elevation among the philosophers of antiquity. Neither did Cicero attain the honor of surpassing in oratory all the speakers of his age in the Roman forum, (to say nothing of his substantial literary fame) without the most diligent study and indefatigable application. All the great men, indeed, whose names people the bright galaxy of classic lore, have been men of hard labor — labor well directed to the accomplishment of their designs, and persevered in until those designs were fully consummated to the satisfaction of themselves and the admiration of their cotemporaries.

In our own time, truly distinguished men are invariably men of great labor, and patient, untiring industry. And it is as futile for a man to expect to be great, without the most persevering application in the study and culture of whatever constitutes the elements of greatness, as it is absurd for a man to expect to be called "good" without giving a practical illustration of his title to that epithet, in a life and conversation of unspotted purity. No man — however much outward respect circumstances may cause him to receive — really wins the *heartly convictions* of his intelligent countrymen that he is either *good* or *great*, without giving the most unquestionable evidence of his claims to such distinction.

This is indeed an age of steamboats and railroads, and a "short cut" by the medium of these inventions of the gifted sons of modern genius, daily falsifies the ancient adage, "the farthest way round is the nearest way home." And the utility of steam as a means of propulsion, and of rails as reducers of friction, stand alike unquestioned and unquestionable. Still, we believe, as yet no one has carried this doctrine so far in print, as to contend that steam will accelerate the progress of intellectual pursuits, or that the railroad is a "royal road" to distinction, either in literature, politics, or religion. But if a man more obscure than myself, (e. g. a hermit) or if an intelligence from some

other sphere were to witness what I witnessed a few Sabbaths since, or could we call up and reanimate the inhumed remains of one of our Puritan fathers, and introduce him to that scene, he might be led to the conclusion that many persons practically believed that the railroad is indeed the highway to everything that is desirable in this life, and peradventure to the inestimable glories of that which is to come, seeing that to such an extent men avail themselves of its facilities on the Lord's day.

It was a beautiful day. Nature seemed to have arranged all that is charming in her sun-lit serenity, to comport with the design of the common author of herself and the Sabbath. With hundreds of others, my path homeward from church lay through the mall, along whose grateful avenues we pursued our course, indulging in reflections naturally suggested by the solemn services of the sanctuary. Suddenly, innumerable coaches emerged from every point of the compass, and drew toward the depot of the Providence railroad. A breeze — which would have been otherwise truly refreshing — conveyed to our ears the unwelcome intelligence that the train of cars were rapidly approaching. The bell rang; horses were whipped on; porters ran with their half-wrecked hand-carts rattling at their heels; and waiter boys, sweating as if their lives depended on their success, hastened to reach the central point by the arrival of the train.



The cars arrived. I passed the depot just as they had disgorged their immense contents, which was no sooner done than all were repacked in vehicles of various shapes and degrees of splendor. One after another of these carriages whirled by me, with a velocity that indicated that their occupants were all bent on being accommodated with the best lodgings at the Tremont. And who were these occupants? Why, I can vouch for only seven or eight of them, and will refer particularly to but one of that number. That one was a member of one of the highest judicatures in this great republic, the frame-work of which rests chiefly upon the virtue of the people, and that virtue upon the respect which they cherish in their bosoms for "the day the Lord hath made," and whose sacred hours he has most emphatically claimed as "his own". And can [it be, that one who must be as familiar, as with the letters of the alphabet, with the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Hale—an opinion founded upon actual investigation of cases that had come before him during a series of years—that *Sabbath-breaking is a step-stone to all crime*; one whose office is clothed with the solemn drapery of impending death, and at whose fiat, death—a hasty messenger—more quickly comes to some; I ask, can it be that men in whom are reposed the most awful functions, and who are as it were the archives of the most solemn confi-

dences of the people whom they profess to serve, that they themselves should be Sabbath-breakers? Can it be that men who know that "a good name is better than precious ointment," because it is harder to be obtained than a bad one, as well as on account of its "sweet-smelling savor," should so misapply means for the security of such a desirable possession? The facts are before the reader, and he must decide upon their merits.

A steady, onward course of studious diligence in well-doing, is the only sure means for the attainment of that best of earthly titles — "a good man." Alas, alas, for the perpetuity of our republic, if men of intelligence, learning and station, indulge themselves in the breach of the Holy Sabbath. Steam — do whatever else it may — can never counteract the evil influence of their example, nor replace the lost confidence of a discerning public, but may do much to advance the progress of these deplorable calamities.

## THE COSMOPOLITE.

## NO. III.

Needless Injuries. — Carelessness of Drivers.

How often it occurs that an individual "regrets exceedingly" that he has caused an injury to another, which he might have prevented with but little trouble to himself, and which he was by every moral obligation bound to prevent. On such an occasion my mind involuntarily recurs to those classic lines, which are so characteristic of such an individual, whether they will answer the turn of the religionist to affix as a frontlet upon the brow of the whole human family, as a designation of total depravity, or not; to wit:

"Vide meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor."

Or, as my tutor, used in a *very* euphonous couplet to interpret them,

"I know the right, and I approve it, too;  
I know the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

These thoughts were forced upon me a few days since, as I leaned quietly against the thatched wall of the hermitage attached to Winship's beautiful garden and nurseries at Brighton, in company with

the reverend hermit. It is a custom of the place, as my readers doubtless very well know, for all visitors to leave a card of address, or some testimonial of their having done homage to this venerable sire; and even "the Gods" have not dared to slight so appropriate etiquette. Bacchus had been there, and, with a sort of non-committal hypocrisy, had left a stately chair and a light-stand, both ingeniously formed from grape-vine utterly barren and unfruitful. And Neptune had signified his veneration, by considerable contributions of marine productions, some of which had been wrought into racks or receptacles for the cards before mentioned. While I was examining these little enamelled representatives, (which, *en passant*, contained the names of some heavy characters, with heavy titles attached to them) my attention was suddenly and fearfully drawn from my occupation, by the vociferations of a hale fellow, who appeared to be striving to stop a refractory and runaway horse, that was descending a hill in the immediate vicinage, with a sulky at his heels, at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, to the imminent danger of life and limb of any unfortunate biped who might be in the way, and who could not descend the narrow road with a greater velocity, and much to the hazard of two — at least — very respectable-looking country gentlemen, who were doubtless anticipating a speedy welcome to the bosoms of

their families, and who had the temerity and audacity to pass the foot of the declivity in a light wagon, just as Jehu's driverless vehicle came bounding down the hill. To use a common phrase, "my heart was in my mouth," lest the gentlemen themselves should be killed, and the carcass of the poor animal they were urging homeward, should be summarily spitted upon the shafts of the sulky; and more than all, lest our little self should be speedily knocked into more perfect obscurity than it has yet been our lot to endure, — for really, I thought the *sulky* horse had obtained such a degree of momentum, that it was more than a chance he would scale the fence of the nurseries, and take possession of the hermitage. Through the kindness of Providence, the animal was checked by its owner — his long legs doing their office — and tied, as it should have been when he left his vehicle at first, to a substantial post.

Had this been the only instance of the kind, I should not have troubled my readers with the account. But it is but one instance of many, where horses are left in our streets and highways, entirely free from any earthly security, by persons either egregiously thoughtless, or inhumanly reckless of the lives of others. It is an *increasing* evil, and merits the serious attention of every benevolent individual in the community, and the practical discouragement of every one who would

---

avoid the tremendous but equitable denunciations of that court, whose Judge is identified with the authorship of the command, "Thou shalt not kill."

---

THE COSMOPOLITE.

NO. IV.

A splendid Coffin. — Cradle of Liberty.

It is related, that "the coffin which received the corpse of the late king, of Madagascar, Radam, was a large massive one of silver. It was about eight feet long, three feet and a half deep, and the same in width; it was formed of silver plates, strongly rivetted together with nails of the same metal, all made of Spanish dollars — twelve thousand dollars having been employed in its construction." As pillows to prevent the body from coming in contact with the plates, "immense quantities of treasures of various kinds, belonging to his late majesty, were deposited in the coffin, consisting chiefly of such things as during life he most prized; ten thousand dollars were placed in the coffin for him to lie upon." The exterior of the coffin was decorated with a variety of valuable articles, laid upon the top and fastened to the sides; among these were

"all his rich clothing, especially military, there being eight suits of very costly British uniforms, hats and feathers, golden helmet, gorgets, epaulets, sashes, gold spurs, sword, daggers, spears, (two of gold,) beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling-pieces, watches, rings, brooches, and trinkets, his whole and fine sideboard of silver plate, large and solid gold cups, with many others presented by the king of England, large quantities of costly silks, satins, fine cloths, and silk Lambas of Madagascar."

Such was the coffin of the king of Madagascar — splendid and costly, indeed! But the intrinsic value of the materials of which it was composed, and with which it was decorated, would fade as mist in a sunlit morning, and would be counted as "the dust of a balance," when brought into comparison with the inestimable worth of the materials of which a coffin has recently been constructed in the city of the pilgrims — Boston. Strange, that pilgrim simplicity should have so degenerated, as to place in requisition materials for a coffin, of such intrinsic value as to admit of such an odious comparison! But so it is. Verily,

*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

I will attempt a description of the Boston coffin. The sides are of a very substantial material — a sort of clay formed into small oblong square pieces, and baked, then placed together after the manner

of the ancient mosaic pavements, and lined upon the inner side partly with a kind of plaster or cement which presents a polished green surface, and partly with wooden pannels, like wainscoting, which have the strange quality of vibrating with the most melodious tones, and the most heart-stirring and noble sentiments. There are two ranges of apertures upon the sides, of convenient dimensions to admit light into the coffin, and, as is supposed, to allow the hovering spirits to view the body of the great deceased. These apertures are defended by a transparent vitreous substance, and intersected at right angles by light bars of wood, so that the division into squares gives each of them an appearance not altogether unlike the ancient breast-plate of the Hebraic priests. The ends are of like materials and construction to the sides — varying only in dimensions. The inner side of the upper end or head of the coffin is ornamented with a fine painting of the “Father of his country,” executed by the immortal Stuart, previous to his lamented decease, expressly for the decoration of this sarcophagus of greatness itself, whereby it would seem that its design had been in contemplation several years. On the inner side of the lower end or foot of the coffin, and opposite the forementioned portrait, is a segment of a circle — rising from about midway, to the top or lid, like a halo or “glory,” — bearing with the names of a host of



patriot-worthies which are too deeply engraven upon the hearts of the enlightened and free people of this community, to need a repetition at our hands. It is thought by some that the names gather and emanate brightness from the reflection of the likeness of the illustrious Washington; be this as it may, (and truly it is a congenial idea,) we doubt not the individuals themselves gathered much of their lustre from the luminous character of their great prototype. The bottom of the coffin is made from a wood, not very unlike pine, but by a process which has been operating upon it for a number of years, it has attained the quality of resounding applause whenever any truly patriotic sentiment is expressed over it; this has induced many to query whether or not it might be "liberty-tree" wood. Near the head of the coffin rises gently from the bottom a pillow, which, when pressed by a true patriot, emits odoriferous exhalations, which give strength and vivacity to all around; and on the contrary, when pressed by a recreant to liberty, it evolves noxious effluvia that rise in fitful agitations, corrupting all that come in contact with their baneful influences. Thus it will be seen, this pillow *really* indicates those grand lineaments of character, which the nonsensically quackish "Chinese sensitive leaf" *pretends* fully to illustrate. In regard to the size of this coffin—it is so large that there is not a building in the city of Boston, of

sufficient capacity to contain it; it has therefore been placed in Market square, immediately opposite the west front of Quincy Hall, where it may be inspected by the citizens gratuitously. The maker is a man of strange taste, and has commingled other materials than those mentioned, which are strangely incongruous. But I will not attempt a further description of this *chef d'œuvre* of cabinet work, nor will "I take the responsibility" of announcing the name of the distinguished personage for whose corpse it has been ordered, but will give my readers the advertisement of the manufacturer, as it appeared in "the Liberator" of August 29th, A. D. 1835, under the head of "Meeting of Citizens;" to wit:

"The deed of self degradation, of base servility, of heaven-daring impiety, on the part of our citizens, is done, to the scorn of the world, and the disgust and horror of posterity! The *Old Cradle* has become the *Coffin of Liberty*! Upon the walls of Faneuil Hall, let '*Ichabod*' be written in letters of blood — let its decorations be the whip of the slave-driver, the yokes and fetters of slavery, pictures of slave-auctions, the portraits of eminent soul-traffickers, and all the paraphernalia of man-stealing depravity!" &c. But enough. Thank heaven, this is only a dream of a diseased imagination — the effervescence of a one-sided sympathy. Faneuil Hall is still the "Cradle of Lib-

erty" — a precious casket of the American people, studded with "bright jewels."

I was recently sitting quietly in the apartment of a friend, whose avocation had elicited the presentation of a multitude of periodicals and new books that were heaped upon his centre-table, when my eye rested for a moment upon a paper of — as it appeared to me — a remarkably fine texture and neat typographical execution, and embellished with a vignette or some emblematical insignia. I arose and drew it from the pile, thinking it might be some literary hebdomadal, which would serve to while away a leisure moment, when, to my sorrow, I found it to be "The Liberator," — (a spacious and winning *title* indeed; as much so as the "Literary and Catholic Sentinel.") Having read the paragraph above transcribed, I returned the paper with mingled feelings of pity and disgust to the table, with a confirmed conviction that the citizens of Boston should subscribe for at least one number of each of these luminaries, for the especial perusal of the grand jury, and that all the pious people of New-England should bear their respective editors upon their hearts before the throne of Omnipotent grace, that peradventure they may become instruments of *good* to some, ere they shall go away and give up their final account.

## THE COSMOPOLITE.

NO. V.

Beauty. — Dram-Shops.

THERE is a theme that's winning to the heart  
 Of purer spirits in the realms of light ; —  
 That makes the bosoms of the angel hosts  
 In heaven beat sprightlier, and kindles up  
 Arch-angels' songs, and even moves the love  
 And admiration of the Deity,  
 And still is penetrable to the mind  
 Of man. Its appellation's writ in stars  
 Upon the heavens, and is read in soft  
 Reflections on the placid lake ; is traced  
 Amid the storms and winds in characters  
 Of lightning, and is painted on the bow  
 That spans the horizon ; glows in silver light,  
 That steals through the interstices of tree  
 In summer's eve, and plays upon the wall  
 Or in the stately mansions of the rich,  
 Or in the cot of humble poverty ;  
 Is lettered forth from earth in lovely flowers  
 Of many colors, and is breathed in clouds  
 Of fragrance from their petals. It is graved  
 On every hill, in dell, in forest, and  
 On lea ; is borne on every zephyr from  
 The groves of choral songsters, and is seen  
 Sparkling in crested foam upon the wave,  
 And in the irid spray that fills the air  
 Above, while in the caverned treasuries  
 Beneath its emerald bed, 't is echoed round  
 In deep reverberating majesty.  
 Yea, everything in nature, but the heart  
 Of self-willed man, beams with its brightness ; there  
 'Tis blotted out — no more to shine, till He

Who formed it erst, and called it "good," shall breathe  
 It into symmetry with all the works  
 Of his creation. Then shall *Beauty* be  
 Again enshrined there ; and each note that rolls  
 In sweet vibrations from its silken strings,  
 Shall beat in unison with heaven itself,  
 And heaven shall be its everlasting home.

From early life, poetry has been to me a source of exquisitely refreshing pleasure, even "as rivers of water in a dry place," and a retreat — at intervals — into the alcove of its inspiration, has always proved "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Nor shall I attempt an apology for indulging such a taste, — especially since so many master-spirits have deigned to sit beneath the arbors of Helicon to catch the inspirations which were wafted in the breezes of *Bœotia*, and since — as says Sir Philip Sidney — "the holy Scripture (wherein is no uncleanness,) hath whole parts in it poetical, and even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of poetry."

It was while I was recently indulging myself in one of these seasons of intellectual revelry on a placid Saturday evening, that the thoughts, of which the prefixed measured lines are but a faint transcript, came over my mind with a brilliancy surpassing that of a shower of the *Lucciole* in an Italian garden.\* But duty called, and I left the

\* "The *Lucciole* or fire-flies, in a still, gloomy evening, fall like a shower of light, and glitter on the foliage like gems." — *LADY MORGAN'S ITALY*.

sanctum of my retreat to attend to the realities of domestic life.

My errand was to a grocery in the neighborhood of my residence, to procure a few stores for the approaching Sabbath. I made known my wants to the master of the establishment, who replied — as a sort of retaining salvo — “yes sar,” and immediately sallied toward a rude fellow who passed between me and the counter to get at the bar, vociferously demanding “a glass of rum.” Bumper, entirely overlooking or purposely evading the rule “first come first served,” (which, I believe, is a part of the etiquette of every well ordered grocery,) dealt out the soul-poison to his impatient customer, who planked the money and was off in a moment. This son of Neptune — for he was a sailor — had scarcely swallowed the draught, (which, perhaps, has ere this drowned his spirit in irretrievable perdition,) when a little girl, of perhaps six years of age, presented a pitcher and feebly asked for “a pint of gin.” Bumper immediately waited upon her; and although he thereby broke again the very good rule already referred to, I protested not, because I thought it was quite time that so young a child should be in bed, for it was after nine o’clock. I was next served — which done, I retired with the peaceful determination that as for me, I would not again enter Bumper’s domain. I will give my reasons.

In the first place, I had recently removed my residence into the vicinage of Bumper's establishment, and knew not his character nor that of his store; had I known either as well as I do now after a fifteen minutes' acquaintance, I should never have troubled him at all for the supply of the wants of my family. *He* shew an evident preference, to my mind, for customers for strong drink. *He* was either reckless or determinedly regardless of the consequences of his trade — for his customer who drank upon the spot, had already as much aboard as was for his own or "for the public good." And then *he* was unfeeling enough to dispense to the innocent victim of incensed debauchery, the draught that was to light up the fires of hell in the estranged bosom of one who should be her protector and sustenance, but who, by this unnatural beverage, would perhaps be excited to dash out the spark of life from her little defenceless breast. And these things *he* does for the paltry consideration of a few coppers, to feed his ever-craving cupidity that has already blinded the eyes of his understanding, proving himself to be of that class whom the Scriptures declare that "having eyes they see not."

But if Bumper claimed a hearing, perhaps he would say — as many have said — "ardent spirits are good in their place; I am not obliged to know what is done with them after they are carried from my store." Let me tell you, Mr. Bumper, you

*do* know the effects of ardent spirits on the physical system of man. You *do* know that they mutilate and destroy the image of moral beauty which God has stamped upon man. You *do* know what is done with that which is drank at your counter. And you *do* know that you can infer with at least a *general* correctness, what use is made of that which is carried away from your shop. Is it not simply because you *will* sell it, that you *do* sell that thing, which every newspaper tells you destroys more happiness and occasions more premature death, than all other causes put together? Look, look, infatuated dealer in ardent spirits, look into the mirror of your heart, and see if there is any *beauty there*, and hasten to repent of your long-continued misdoings, before it be forever too late.

And now, aside from the man, and in fact, my strongest reason for withdrawing from his establishment, is that the establishment itself is a place not desirable, and even dangerous to frequent. Here are some ten or a dozen loafers sitting upon the barrel covers, (having forsaken the wives of their choice, and the offspring with which God has blessed them,) retailing gossip, tattling secrets, drinking, smoking, chewing, and snuffing. An old adage says, "birds of a feather flock together;" and another, "a man is known by the company he keeps." Now it is true, I am a retired and obscure man, yet nevertheless I trust I have a character,



that is worth preserving, or at least that is as dear to *me* as life itself. And do you not think, kind reader, that a man's character is likely to suffer some depreciation, by habitually stepping over the threshold of an establishment embracing such a congregation? Now it may be that *I* am too sensitive; but *I* think that one's character is likely, *very* likely to suffer by so doing.

But I am protracting this communication beyond my intentions. I will only add, that those who like my sentiments, may give them the weight they merit, and no more. Those who do not like what I have expressed, having let it in at one ear, may let it out from the other.

---

THE COSMOPOLITE.

NO. VI.

A melange of subjects. Conclusion.

Sometimes I am disposed to discouragement because I am an obscure man, and not over-stocked with the wealth of this world — a boon so desirable for the promotion of one's influence in society. And then again, I brighten up with the recollection of those, who, from the utmost obscurity, have made their influence known and felt far and wide.

Particularly have I been cheered when in a melancholy mood, by the remembrance of an account which Burton gives in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, of one 'Cornelius Messus, a famous preacher in Italy,' who, 'when he came first into the pulpit in Venice, was so much contemned by reason of his outside, a little, lean, poore, dejected person, they were all ready to leave the church; but when they heard his voice, they did admire him; and happy was that senator could enjoy his company, or invite him first to his house.' Not that I aspire to or expect the caresses of senators, or that I expect, like Messus, to reap an extended fame; but being animated by the reflection that external circumstances do not always destroy, although they may retard one's influence in the world, I determine to push on with my purpose to give my influence — small as it may be — in favor of virtue and religion.

With such feelings as the foregoing, I have penned the preceding numbers of this series; and with such a purpose as that referred to, I had intended to give my readers several communications more. But domestic affliction and several combined circumstances will prevent the fulfilment of my intentions. However, I will mention several subjects which it was my design to descant upon; but I can *only* mention them, and leave them for the consideration of those philanthropic individuals, who are ever on the alert to

preserve to the community that purity of morals, and that simplicity of manners, for which our pilgrim fathers were distinguished, and to those who find pleasure in efforts to elevate the intellectual and social condition of their fellow men.

I had intended to say a word or two concerning Sunday evening caucuses, and the increase of Sunday newspapers. I meant to indulge a little in reflections upon the economy of stowing Sunday scholars into some remote gallery in our various churches, apart from their parents or those who might control their playful propensities during public worship. I meant to have said something to young organists, (leaving old ones to profit by what I said, if they would,) upon the importance of adapting the music of public worship to the sentiments contained in the hymns or psalms, lest the intended effect be lost, and the taste of some be so offended as to render ludicrous that branch of worship denominated 'praise;' I mention this more particularly, because during attendance upon the services of the sanctuary recently in one of the leading churches in this city, I noticed that the full organ with all the thunders of thorough-bass were called into requisition to give effect to the sentiment, 'The praise of God is *breathed* around,' and only a few of the lighter stops were used while the organist was performing, 'Let all the earth the chorus join.' The interludes should likewise be

in some measure adapted to the sentiment of the verse preceding it, or indicate the character of the verse following ; perhaps it would be well to have it partake of the characteristics of both, so that the mind of the audience may be gradually led from the contemplation of the sentiment contained in the one, to the contemplation of that contained in the other. I am no connoisseur of music, but I admire consistency. There may be *great* variety in the exercises of the sanctuary, and still a uniform and symmetrical character be preserved. Nothing is more disgusting than a very fantastic interlude, or one that consumes more time in its performance than is required for the performance of a stanza.

I have *dwelt* upon the last topic because I conceived it related to a very important branch of the worship of that Being, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who charges his angels with folly. But, aside from churches and the like, I intended to have informed my readers at which of the engine-houses in this city, and not more than a hundred miles from my residence, the company strive to sanctify obscene songs at their meetings, by closing their revels at from one to three o'clock in the morning with a hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred," much to the peace and quiet of the neighbors all around, who are not obliged to open their windows or 'let the lattice down' in order to catch the mellifluous strains. I also inten-

ded to have informed you at what corners you could be insulted or thrown from the sidewalks at the option of a gang of over-grown boys, who are more especially on duty during Sunday evenings. I meant to have informed you and all friends of temperance, that there is at least one street in Boston, where are six *grocery* shops in immediate contiguity, whose keepers are 'licensed to retail spirits' for the 'public good;' and also to have told you where you could find in this city one *tavern* or *hotel*, (legally so called,) with a very imposing and picturesque sign swinging from its front, with the significant motto, 'Only three cents,' glowing in capitals of four inches in height upon each of the sides. And I meant, too, to have dwelt for a moment on the beautiful consistency of ornamenting the windows of temperance grocery stores with an array of images representing fat-bellied 'busters' smoking 'the genuine Principes.' I also intended to have informed you where the 'mammoth' cigar shop could be found, as in New-York, and other cities more advanced in refinement than Boston; but soon after the opening of this establishment, some evil spirit chalked 'Ichabod' upon its portals, when up jumped the 'mammoth' and took the line of march, and the 'Dos Amygos,' 'Principes,' 'Long nines' and all followed on, and the procession was brought up in the rear by a crockery mule heavily laden with 'Ladies' cigars.'

Thus departed the glory of the 'mammoth' cigar shop, much to the gratification of the adjoining neighborhood, and thus was prevented the necessity of entering into further details of the concern. I also meant to have suggested to retailers the convenience of living in the rear or over their places of business, and the propriety of occupying most of the width of the fronts of their premises with large shop windows, so as not to allow of more than one door, which shall serve as a common entrance to their stores and houses, and thus render both easy of access on all days of the week. One word should have ere this been whispered in the ears of the school committee of this city, upon the propriety of lashing the softer sex in the public schools, for the crime of speaking without leave, and other heinous offences of equal temerity; and another word to the same honorable body on the importance of having all corporal punishments performed before the whole school, for the gratification of the hard hearted and vicious, and for the purpose of hardening the hearts, dulling the sensibilities, and destroying the finer sympathies of those who are not already callous to social qualities and good feeling, as well as for the sake of sharpening the energies and increasing the enterprise of such as may be 'beaten with many stripes' by their perfect and angerless masters. Would not these suggestions have accorded strictly with the march of intellect

and the spirit of the age? Shades of school-masters of threshing memory, come back, and see whether you do not find yourselves at home in some of our city schools!

There were a number of subjects, in addition to those already touched upon, which I intended to have recurred to; and a multitude of others of equal importance crowd upon my mind at the present moment. But I will mention only one more and I have done. I wished to suggest to obtuse surgeons who may not have the organs of benevolence and conscientiousness largely developed, their interest in increasing the number of *racing* steamboats and omnibuses. I was going to illustrate to the gentlemen of the faculty, by stating a case that occurred recently while I was in one of the Roxbury omnibuses; but, on reflection, I have concluded to close with an account of a recent occurrence abroad, it being every way proper for a cosmopolite to borrow illustrations from every quarter of the globe. Says the Courier of September 7th, 'The steamer Earl Grey, from Roothsay to Glasgow, lying at the quay, Greenock, burst her boiler on the evening of July 24th, had her deck, cabin, &c., blown away, and thirty-two persons out of forty on board, killed or wounded. It was said she was preparing to race with another boat.'

## ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER.

My father ! what a crowd of sad and bright  
Remembrances thy memory cluster round,  
When this thy picture 's ushered to my sight,  
Or in its fond alcove my heart is bound.  
Just like a soft and silvery moon-beam lay  
Thy mildly shining path while here on earth ;  
Just like the gently retroceding day,  
Its light was gathered to its source of birth.  
What though the world thy name has not inscribed  
Upon its honored scroll, nor cast one sad  
Reflection on thy death ? — It hath imbibed  
Thy spirit ; and the garb in which 't is clad  
Is livelier, lovelier, for thy mission here.  
E'er may thy blissful hopes my spirit cheer !

## HYMN,

## FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

*Touch not* the wine-cup, when its draught  
With ruby brightness lures,  
The smooth libation often quaffed,  
Sorrow and woe ensues.  
*Taste not* of luxury when 'tis blent  
With pressages of death :  
Go not into the bibber's tent,  
For poison 's in his breath.

*Handle not* treacherous goblets, though  
Proffered by thrice-told friend ;



## RECREATIONS OF A MERCHANT,

Babbings — contentions from them flow,  
And misery is their end.

These are the precepts of thy word,—  
Write them on every heart ; —  
That from thy rule of temperance, Lord,  
We never may depart.

---

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

'T WAS Sabbath morn. I crossed the dewy lawn  
Which glittered as it were a bed of pearls.  
The every wild-flower that I frequent met,  
Breathed forth a bland perfume, as 't were incense  
Offered unto the Lord. The little rill,  
Descending from the neighboring sylvan heights  
In wild meanderings, struck the notes of praise  
In light reverberatory swells, as oft  
The crystal waters plashed its pigmy banks.  
The echoing carol of the birds, as 't were  
The talisman of songs angelic, made  
My heart-strings vibrate. Though in a strange land,  
Earth seemed to me a paradise. Nature,  
In all the varied forms presented, sang  
In strains of eloquence the praise of God.

Onward I went. I saw a little band  
Clad neatly, coming o'er the lea. Curious  
To know the object of their mission, I  
With quickened step, my course directed toward  
The youthful throng. But ere I reached them, they  
Had to the village school-house entered in,  
Where they were wont to meet each Sabbath day,  
To learn the law of God and list the gospel.  
I followed them. And as I entered in

Amid the solemn silences of the place,  
 A voice proclaimed out of the Book of God,  
 "Thy testimonies, Lord, are very sure :  
 Holiness thy house becomes forever."  
 The assembly knelt. The fervent prayer, as 'twere  
 The priestly offering of the man of God,  
 Ascended in behalf of his sweet charge,  
 Who, with hands clasped, as if withheld from aught  
 Of earth, to grasp the horns of God's own altar,  
 And eyelids closed upon the things of time —  
 Their mental eyes on views celestial fixed —  
 In accents simple yet devout, sent forth  
 A suitable response, "Amen, amen."  
 Methought I heard a voice angelic say,  
 "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for lo !  
 The place whereon thou stand'st is holy ground !"

And then a heavenly order did pervade  
 The place, throughout the simple recital  
 Of God's own testimony of his Son,  
 "In him I am well pleased," (although Christ doth  
 Declare himself to be God's *equal* Son ; —  
 Such testimony is resistless, sure, —  
 He is the very God ! ) Each little mind  
 Seemed to receive the impress of the truths  
 It uttered forth. The teachers' faces shone  
 With beams of holy cheerfulness. Their brows,  
 Haloed with glory to the Lord, whose sheen  
 Was there concentrated from those infant minds —  
 Betrayed hearts gladdened in a cause in which  
 Angelic interest ever on the alert  
 To note its progress, strikes up choruses,  
 Whose thrillings echo through Heaven's wide domain  
 At every triumph ; — e'en eternal Truth.

Then rose the strains of simple melody,  
 Whose thrilling power e'en touched my inmost soul.  
 Methought I were transported, e'en to Heaven.  
 But suddenly an angel's whisper warned,

“This is not Heaven. Know thou, O man ! the bliss  
That waits the faithful of these worshippers,  
In Heaven, is not conceived by man.  
Still 't is no other than the house of God —  
*The very gate of Heaven !*”

---

## YOUNG COTTAGER'S SONG.

My lyre, submit to yet one gentle touch! —  
The sun has sunk into his gorgeous couch ;  
The cricket now resumes its lonely trill ;  
The groves break forth with notes of whip-poor-will ;  
The leaves are well nigh falling from the trees ;  
And melancholy floats upon the breeze : —  
O, quick resound thy joyful notes to soothe  
My saddened soul, and let those notes be smooth.

O sweet, O sweet is the moon-lit retreat,  
The cottage in the lawn ;  
Near to the grove at the lattice I love,  
To list to the echoing horn.

And sweet, O sweet, where with dew-drops replete  
The glittering woodbine grows,  
To catch at the dawn a glimpse of the fawn,  
As bounding forth he goes.

Yet sweeter still the perfumes that distill  
From wild-flowers in the grove,  
And the primroses bland in the lily hand  
Of the fair one I love.

But sweetest of all when darkness doth fall  
And mantle eve with night,

Is the soft retreat beside which I meet  
The Fountain of all light !

'Tis here of the cares of earth and its snares  
My soul doth Heaven divest ;  
I seek pardoning love as it flows from above,  
And gently sink to rest.

## THE SLANDERED.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say  
all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." JESUS CHRIST

I knew him from his infancy ; when scarce  
He'd tasted of the atmosphere of earth,  
Or glanced upon its witching vanities ;  
And when his loveliness was traced in looks  
Of dimpled pleasantness, and in the flash  
Of sympathy that marked each motion of  
His deep-blue eye.

I knew him too when years  
Of boyhood called out all those sympathies  
Which infancy bespoke, and which would grace  
Him of maturer years : when excellence,  
In all its varied luxuriance,  
Verged to perpetual blossoming ; and when  
The vigor of his intellect defied  
All rivalry.

And when upon his brow  
The years of manhood stole, he was my fellow.  
I loved him. And I loved to mark the strong  
And more than manly traits and lineaments  
Of his expanded nobleness But oh !  
The bold relief in which Christianity

Stood forth, emblazoned by the pure and bright  
 And growing emanations of his path, —  
 This was his noblest feature : for, his was  
 A purer spirit, sanctified from birth,  
 And his example mirrored forth his Saviour's.  
 We trode the chequered path of life for years  
 Together : but the providence of God  
 Called us to part, and plainly marked to each  
 His destination. But the road, in all  
 Its numerous meanderings, lay not  
 So plainly pencilled. Nor rose as yet did bloom,  
 Nor thorn extort the rise of murmuring.

His was a harder lot. But his pure spirit —  
 Nothing daunted — drank the bitterest springs,  
 And quaffed the miasm of a host of foes  
 To God “ dead in their trespasses and sins.”  
 Foul calumny assailed him ; and with art  
 Native to hell, threw barricades around  
 His spotless character. And he was doomed,  
 For time, to willing isolation : for,  
 Another Lot, “ he vexed his righteous soul  
 From day to day, with men's unlawful deeds.”

In all his trials God forsook him not.  
 His cavern — his perpetual fane — was owned  
 Of God ; and oft contained the mercy-cloud.  
 Its long stalactites dropped fresh blessings down ;  
 And the prismatic tints that played upon  
 The spar, at every float and flickering  
 Of his lone taper, oft reminded him  
 Of one “ that keepeth covenant,” nor forgets  
 To mingle mercy with the cup of woe.  
 He was the priest, and the wide world his people —  
 His altar nature built : his incense — prayers  
 From the pure censer of his soul — went up  
 From day to day : and he dispensed the bread  
 Of life to thousands, who unwittingly  
 Received it at his hands : his dooms-men's chains

Were not wrought quite so cunningly. His mind  
Soared forth and upward e'en to Heaven,—  
And gathering flowers of inspiration from  
Its holy borders, poured their healthful dews  
Upon the thirsty earth. And while he pressed  
The chalice to his lips, and ate the bread  
Symbolic, God was at his board, and sealed  
The covenant of reconciliation, —  
Giving earnest of a Heaven of rest,  
Which he has gone to realize.

---

## HYMN,

## FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

FATHER in Heaven, we worship thee.  
And bow before thy mercy-seat,  
While in a psalm tribute we  
Thy blessing crave with us to meet.

Before thine altar we would spread  
The cries and sufferings of the young,  
Tattered, and reft of daily bread,  
To fill the cup by parents wrung.

Laments of riper age we bear, —  
The broken-hearted father's tears,  
The anxious mother's bitter prayer  
For hopes of her declining years.

Lord, from the censer of our hearts,  
Accept the offerings that rise, —  
The griefs Intemperance imparts,  
Mingled with our best sympathies.

## RECREATIONS OF A MERCHANT,

Smile on us from thy throne above,  
 And stoop to dash the poisonous bowl :  
 Oh, may the chalice of thy love,  
 Win the affections of each soul !

---

## THE WIDOW'S BURIAL.

'Twas Sabbath day. The glorious sun withdrew  
 To the far west — with crimson clouds o'ercast,  
 And here and there a purple tint, as 'twere  
 The shaded folds in the rich drapery  
 That hangs a monarch's couch. The rays  
 Moved quick along the pavement, gathering up  
 The sheen from off the thousand particles  
 That glistened in the way, like spangles on  
 The gorgeous train of one whose sympathy  
 Sweetly compelled him to put off the garb  
 Of royalty, to look the meeter for  
 The scene of woe.

A sable hearse approached.  
 Impalled beneath its drapery lay the corse  
 Of one, whose confined length betrayed the years  
 Of full maturity. I kept in pace.  
 There was no pageant there — no equipage, —  
 Nor dark funereal train of mocking friends,  
 Toward Mammon's altar bent, to sacrifice  
 The memory of the virtuous dead. But there  
 Was one, whose purer incense curled in rings  
 Of rest affection o'er the sable pall.

A female followed, — a lone mourner, too !  
 And she a sweet girl of thirteen harvests.  
 Her golden locks flowed o'er her delicate neck,  
 Like sun-rays on a marmorean bust,

And would have graced a princess's. Her dress  
Told many tale of scrupulous nicety  
In its sleek folds ; the antiquated style  
At richness of its texture, also told  
A tale of better days. And I could read  
Her history in every circumstance  
That clustered round this lonely funeral.  
The sunny days of fortune, friends and flowers —  
When joy lit the paternal hearth, and when  
A father's heart was gladdened by the song  
Of his fond daughter — beamed bright before me.

And there was record of affliction, too, —  
Of sickness, death and sorrow — messengers  
To win the heart to holiness and God ;  
Of riches flown away, and friendships riven ;  
A widowed mother's prayers and tears, for her  
Whom God had still preserved.

There was a page  
Penned since her orphanry began ; but it  
Was blackened by oppression's blot — I mean  
The careless hurry of the car-man : for  
The unwonted rattling of the car of death,  
Provoked the tear suppressed from her bright eye,  
And kindled up my sympathies. I went  
Unto the place of sepulture, that I  
Perchance might there behold the offering  
Of life upon affection's altar : for  
I feared her delicate spirit could not bear  
The pang of separation from the form  
Of one so fondly cherished. But not so :  
For there I could decypher that same page,  
Replete with holy resignation — penned  
By God's own spirit — bearing witness of  
A sanctified affliction.

The tomb was  
A splendid one. But its escutcheoned tablet,  
Hurled from its rich Ionian columns —  
Its cells, hung round with mouldering tapestry —



## RECREATION OF A MERCHANT,

Its tesselated floor — its occupant  
 The cumbrances of immortality  
 Thrown off, — a scene of folly consummate  
 Presented. But this was a hallowed place —  
 Hallowed by ministering spirits ; sent  
 To cheer the spirit of the lovely girl,  
 Bowed like a bulrush to the ground. She went  
 Into the abode of death ; and as she gazed  
 For the last time upon her mother's form,  
 Methought I heard an angel's whisper there : —

“ Though earthly friends forsake thee,  
 And kindred fly to God, —  
 To comfort, Oh ! betake thee,  
 And kiss the afflictive rod.

There's consolation for thee ;  
 Oh ! drink the precious cup :  
 Though friendships fail below thee,  
 The Lord will take thee up !

Though Death, in all his terror,  
 Hath entered thine abode, —  
 Weep not — be not dismayed : for  
 God is the orphan's God ! ”

She raised her bended form, and wiped away  
 The tears that trickled down her pallid cheek ;  
 And gathering strength from the angelic draught,  
 She smiled, and said, ‘ *Father, thy will be done !* ’

THE BIBLE.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—PSALM cxix. 105.

"Thy testimonies also are my counsellors,"—PSALM cxix. 24.

**OUT** there are moments in a Christian's life,  
 Replete with sorrowings and keenest woes,  
 When clouds and darkness intercept the view  
 Of Heaven and Heaven's King : and when  
 The tessellated track of life is dark  
 With overpowering shades of Providence  
 Impenetrable. Yes, the Christian e'en  
 Would falter and would fall in sheerless night,  
 And even die in hopelessness and gloom,  
 Had he no lamp to guide his feet or light  
 His pathway to the tomb. His feeling heart,  
 Indulgent in unreined benevolence,  
 Would even bleed itself away where'er  
 He looked upon the world intently,  
 Were there no star more bright than Arcturus  
 To cheer his spirit with its hopeful rays,  
 And mark the coming of the peaceful reign  
 Of Jesus.

And there is at times a chill,  
 Circling the church, and causing all the bands  
 Of frail mortality to loosen, and  
 The stateliness of ardent piety  
 To flag and to recede in view of foes  
 Of hellish aspect, panoplied to fight.  
 The little band would flee ; but circumvented  
 By Satan's marshalled host, are pent therefrom.  
 Their sparse and scattered ranks, untutored too,  
 Through listlessness of proffered help and grace,  
 Would prompt them even to surrender and  
 Give conquest to the execrable foe,  
 Were there no voice to rally up their strength,

Assuring them *'t is not by might nor power,*  
*But by the spirit of Almighty God,*  
That spiritual enemies are met  
Successfully, and warning them to look  
With confidence upon the standard of  
The heavenly host, as it is wafted o'er  
Their heads unheeded.

Where then 's the Christian's lamp — his guiding star?  
Where sound the echoing words that cheer with sweet  
Reverberating swells of love, or greet  
The soul with meet reproving, waking life  
From deathful sleep?

O precious book, but oft  
Neglected! thou art the Christian's armory,  
To weapon him for *all* conflicting scenes.  
Thy promises are cordials to his soul,  
And thy commandments frontlets to his brow,  
To mark him as the soldier of the cross,  
And serve a passport to the upper skies.  
Thou art our lamp, our star, and thou our voice  
From God. And in thy golden light, and cheered  
By thine invigorating strains of love  
And heavenly eloquence, we 'll march —  
We 'll fly to Heaven, to live a shadeless life  
And join a throng of ever-growing, bright  
Intelligences, and sing an endless song  
Of victory o'er sin and every foe,  
Through Him that died that we might live,  
Whose story is the burden of thy page,  
Or sung in psalm, or simply told by men  
Of lore unlettered, but of ken divine,  
Or shadowed forth in types or costly rites,  
Or beaming in the pure and placid light  
Of the example of the Son of God.

## THE OVERTHROW OF THE MIDIANITES.

Judges, chap. vii. — viii.

NIGHT reigned o'er Palestine. And scarce a breeze  
 Disturbed the almond leaves, or shook the vines  
 That garlanded their trunks and hung from limb  
 To limb like drapery. The waning moon  
 Was gathering up her soft and tremulous light  
 From Jordan's undulating bosom, but  
 Her parting rays lit up Peniel's tower,  
 Which seemed to hang as 't were a beacon-light  
 Of proud security to all around.  
 Beneath the turret shades which streamed upon  
 The vale of Succoth, Midian's princes lay  
 In dreamy safety as the foes of God.  
 The kings of Midian, too, had laid them down  
 At Karkor, in a splendid peacefulness :  
 In purple vesture fretted o'er with gold,  
 They lolled amidst the odoriferous fumes  
 That curled from tripod censers, in their tents,  
 Like fools to note the glistening, golden chains  
 And crescent jewels on their camels' necks,  
 And Jabbok's rippings lulled them both to sleep.  
 But ah ! the unsheathed sword of God was lit  
 O'er Zebah and Zalmunna, and a curse  
 Zeeb and Oreb overhung, with all  
 Their numerous hosts that troubled much the land  
 Of Israel, and made her children weep  
 For keen privations from their hands imbued  
 In plundering.

The moon had set. The son of Joash went  
 Forth to the outer camp of Midian,  
 Girt with the sword of God, and mantled with  
 The spirit of the Lord; the leader of  
 Three hundred men of Israel — not armed —

(Save with a pitcher and a lamp to each,  
 And trumpets in their hands) to meet the foe,  
 Who lay along the vale 'for multitudes  
 Like grass-hoppers.' The faithful, little band  
 Stood round their sleeping enemies, in strength  
 Nurtured by God within their bosoms for  
 The approaching conflict. At the given word,  
 They blew their trumpets all, and shouted loud  
 'The sword of God and Gideon,' and drew  
 The burning lamps from their concealment in  
 The pitchers hastily, and held them up  
 O'er the tent doors. Another blast they gave,  
 And casting down their pitchers to the ground,  
 A simultaneous crash produced, which sent  
 Dismay and terror to the bosoms of  
 The waking hosts of Midian, whose eyes  
 Glared crazily as they beheld the gleam  
 Of artificial light above their heads,  
 And as they heard reverberating peals  
 Of 'Sword of God and Gideon' tingling  
 Within their ears. They ran, and cried, and fled :  
 And every man, with consternation struck,  
 Raised up his sword against his fellow, while  
 The Israelitish company stood — each  
 In his own place as erst — unharmed, around  
 The camp forsaken by its occupants,  
 Save those whose dying groans at intervals  
 Were heard, as ceased the trumpets' clangoring sounds.  
 Inspired with success in routing them,  
 The captain of the band of Israelites  
 Sent quickly messengers throughout the hills,  
 To rally up the Ephraimites, that they  
 Might barricade the flying enemy.  
 Obedient to the call, all Ephraim rose,  
 And gathering to the fords of Jordan, took  
 The hosts of Ishmaelites, whose fainting hearts  
 Had just begun to throb with hope, and slew  
 Their haughty princes. But the kings — encamped  
 At Karkar with their armies — fall by hand

Of Gideon. And ere the sun was risen,  
To kindle up the morning sacrifice  
Of hill and dell, fragrant with opening flowers,  
In all were slain six scores of thousands of  
The Midianites ; and their sad moans — blent up  
With the fresh dew-cloud — as sweet incense rose  
Unto the God of Sabaoth and victory.

How vanisheth the pigmy strength of man,  
Like vapor in a sun-lit atmosphere,  
When God with an Almighty power appears  
In famine, or in pestilence, or war !  
So hearts of wicked men melt down, when He  
His spirit breathes upon the feeblest work  
Of him who keepeth his commandments, and  
Whose inmost soul is lit with love, whose life  
Shines like a lamp amid the tents of sin,  
And who the gospel-trumpet sounds, and gives  
Jehovah praise, till dashed to earth by death,  
A broken pitcher at the fountain-base.

---

#### THE THEATRE AS IT IS.

THE theatre — what is it ? It is an edifice externally chaste, and often splendid — an ornament to any city. Its architectural proportions and the grace of its decorations are the admiration of all denizens of taste and refinement in the place in which it is located, and not unfrequently attract the eye of the passenger or transient resident, who stops to indulge in the delightful reverie which its beauties are calculated to inspire. Its noble veranda

and cornices, its massive columns and pilasters, its groined vestibule, its niched statuary, its sculptured parapet, and the paling that encloses the greensward on which it stands, each in their turn fill the mind with a legitimate love of the beautiful; and in beholding them, even the Christian philosopher burns with gratitude to God, that He in his wisdom has seen fit to give to the body the eye, and to implant within the soul the delicate faculty of perception, that appreciates such objects of intricate handiwork.

And now let us open the portals and cast a look within, that we may know whether or not the interior is in keeping with the exterior. Raise for a moment the splendid drapery that curtains yonder window, that we may in some measure supply from the 'orb of day' the brilliancy that gleams from these numerous and richly jewelled chandeliers during the seasons of performance. How tasteful; how grand! Where is the flaw in the design? — where an imperfection in the execution? Surely there is none. The lofty rotunda with its tapestried corridors, the stage with its delightful vista illusively stretching far away between the verdant scenery that vies with nature in the truth of its delineations, the frescos, the carved insignia, the richly-cushioned settees, ay, everything is upon the most liberal scale. Look where you will, there is nothing to offend the most refined taste, or to

militate with the preconceptions that took possession of the mind upon viewing the noble exterior. Surely, there is nothing in all this to justify the taunts, the condemnations, the anathemas that have been heaped upon the theatre. The eye may revel here with as much impunity as in a cathedral, and not one more fibre of the heart shall be corrupted, than in tracing its consecrated aisles and contemplating its scriptural decorations.

But all this is a day scene; and the view that we have been taking of the theatre, has been rather an abstract one — of the structure rather than of its uses, its architectural design and its adaptedness to the accommodation of an immense audience, rather than an investigation of the practical bearing of the institution as a whole — edifice, performances, actors, and all — upon the character and interests of the spectators of scenic exhibitions, and upon the morals of the community in which the theatre is located. It is in these latter aspects alone, that the theatre claims any especial notice from me. I am no professed amateur of the fine arts, however much I may believe of their genial influences upon society. I am no connoisseur of 'architectonic excellence,' 'animated marble,' or of 'the pencil's witchery.' I am neither familiar with Inigo Jones, Praxiteles, nor Raphael.

Let us then take another view of the theatre.



Not that I would induce my kind reader to enter its polluted walls during the histrionic ravings of

‘The herded vagabonds of every shore,’

and the uncouth and licentious babblings of a harlequin, or of

‘Women unsexed, who, lost to woman’s pride,  
The drunkard’s stagger ape, the bully’s stride.’

No — no. As soon would I urge him to enter one of those revolting pits in the cemetery at Naples, where the fastidious devotee of fashion and luxury who has not lived out half his days, and the poor, filthy habitant of the lazaretto are, without distinction of rank or sex, thrown into one common heap, to moulder into one common mass of putrefaction. But I would have him view it through the testimony of those who have been unfortunately lured within its doors during a night scene, and who have as fortunately been rescued from its enchantments, like birds that have been extricated from the snare of the fowler. I have been there — I have friends who have been there. Will you take our testimony?

On the critical night of our invitation, we hurried away from the hearth of our fathers, leaving its endearing associations, its cheering attractions, and the bland charities that were concentrated in the circle that gathered around it, to be introduced to the feverish novelties of the theatre. It was

dark and dreary without, but being sheltered from the peltings of the storm, we heeded nothing beyond the boundaries of our coach, save the incessant tinkling of the bells upon the horses, that seemed more than ever to annoy us, while we were deeply musing upon the anticipated exhibitions of wit and beauty to which we were expecting to be speedily ushered.

We arrived at the theatre. There was the same beauty manifest upon the exterior that I have described ; for there was a profuse glare of artificial light that beamed from a row of lamps that stood like sentinels in front of the doors, to designate far away the spot of its location, when the beams of Heaven had refused to shine upon it. We alighted amid a motley crowd, and hesitated for a moment which door we would enter at, as we had been told that a *box* ticket would admit us to any part of the house. Quite young — as we were — and inexperienced in theatre etiquette, we followed a train of young men, (some of whom we recognized as children of respectable and genteel families) to a narrow side-door. Fatal entrance ! How my heart beats with indignation, when I reflect upon the conduct of *men*, who, for the paltry consideration of dollars and cents, will contrive and execute such diabolical plans as were developed by our accidental *entree* at that door.

Having ascended a number of flights of stairs,

we found ourselves seated in what we afterwards learned was denominated 'the third row.' We were at first surprised to find a large number of females seated here, apparently without any protectors. But the flaunting airs of some, the dishevelled tresses of others, and the chequered dissimilarity of dresses, (some being in rags, and some in jewels) led us to suspect that we were not among the best part of the auditory.

Our fears were soon realized. A multitude of young men flowed in through the passages, and took their seats very familiarly among the females already mentioned. The disgusting oaths, the filthy conversation, and the grossly indecent conduct of the persons there assembled, soon convinced us that we were in a place of assignation and debauchery, rather than in an apartment where we were likely to be either instructed or amused by the exhibition of the drama. There was one young man present, with whom we were partially acquainted. He was handsome in his person, lovely in his general disposition, and to the extent of our knowledge he had hitherto been unspotted in his character. But there he was, suffering himself to be dandled and tossed from lap to lap like an imaginary cupid; and, alas! those daughters of the devil who occupied those seats, succeeded in seducing him from the paths of virtue. He has become a dissipated and ruined youth.

Having become disgusted with the company that surrounded us, (which fact we attribute to the blessing of a kind providence upon the education we had received,) we retired from the house soon after the play commenced, and entered there no more, nor shall we — we trust — forever. It was enough for us, that the theatre embraced such a diabolical trap wherein to ensnare the unwary who might chance to enter there. And we trust we shall ever thank God that we were not overcome by the seductive speeches that were directed to ourselves.

This shock in relation to the theatrical establishment, (which had previously been esteemed so fair both within and without) led me to a more thorough scrutiny of its character and design. It has been my study for years. I have gathered and sifted information without measure, both from its friends and its foes. I have questioned and cross-questioned that I might learn the truth. The result is a settled conviction that the theatre is a *money-making establishment*. Its founders care little or nothing about the promotion of *public morals*, which they so much prate about. It is true they may wish to afford *amusement* to the community, but they have not principle enough to induce them to do this while there is a shadow of a possibility that they may make a pecuniary sacrifice. They, therefore, under the pretence of

securing the audience from the contamination of the "frail sisterhood," erect a range of boxes for their especial accommodation. This operates as an inducement for these wretched creatures to visit the theatre in search of prey; and by this one act, the corporation insure to the establishment, with almost the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, the attendance of a large body of young men, and old men too, whose principles—if fixed at all—are fixed upon the side of vice and immorality. The audience is thus enlarged, and the monied receipts consequently enhanced.

This and other glaring evils that have long clustered around the theatre, have had the effect of depriving the establishment of the attendance of the more intellectual and refined classes of society in this more enlightened season of its existence. Scarcely a person of a sedate disposition attends there, or one who cares a straw for the moral welfare of the community. And some of the better sort of the theatre-going community "regret this exceedingly." For the withdrawal of so large a portion of the audiences, and the continuation of the highly intellectual exhibitions that were formerly presented, came very nigh upsetting the whole establishment. The almost vacant boxes in the lower ranges, and the finely turned and intellectual passages of sterling dramatic compositions, presented but small attractions to the occupants of

the "third row," who found the theatre somewhat uninteresting, excepting in the particular branch in which they were indeed more deeply concerned, but which could be enjoyed at a cheaper rate elsewhere.

In consequence of the threatened desertion of the theatre, the character of the exhibitions has been much reduced, and at the present day it presents, (I speak on the authority of those who occasionally attend—and at the best theatres in our country, too) it presents, I say, a pitiful array of tinsel and vulgarity of every sort. "Jim Crow" and "Zip Coon" are favorites—have "long runs" to crowded houses. Professed recitations from Shakspeare even, (vulgar as he sometimes is in his works) would scarcely be recognised by the renowned bard, were he to be present at a modern exhibition of the drama. An unmutated sentence from an old dramatic author, is a *rara avis* among a mass of illiterate corruption and *double entendre*. Everything intellectual or instructive has been cut down and hacked, to suit a lower order of visitants. In this way, and this alone, the proprietors have not only secured the establishment from bankruptcy, but have yielded to their avarice such an income as encourages them to maintain it in all its hypocritical profligacy and soul-destroying fascination. Shame on every man who willingly holds stock in such a vile institution. Verily, it is like

unto a whitened sepulchre of the inhabitants of ancient Jerusalem, fair indeed without, but within full of corruption and dead men's bones. The cause of public morals gained a great deal, when the proprietors of many of the theatres, in obedience to the glaring light of public opinion, abolished the sale of ardent spirits within their precincts: it would gain much more, were the vicious allurements of a "third row" to be dispensed with. Ay, it requires no prophetic vision to see that the gain in such a case would be the abolition of scenic exhibitions, and the substitution of the lyceum and the scientific lecture for the blandishments of the drama within the walls of the theatre. Would that these devout moralists would but try the experiment: truly it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

## LETTERS ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.\*

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me. Feed my lambs.  
JESUS CHRIST.

## LETTER I.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

DOUBTLESS most of my readers are, to a greater or less degree, conversant with those precious institutions which are rising up in such numbers in our land and throughout Christendom, and gathering within their pale the early blossoms of intellect and immortality from the rising generation, — like moral stars, whose hitherto dispersed rays of light are rapidly becoming concentrated, to dissipate the darkness which hangs over and to beautify the moral creation of God. And it may seem superfluous, at first view, that *their* attention should be solicited to any remarks which may be offered at this late day touching the importance and claims of Sabbath schools. But when we consider the various avo-

\* [NOTE. The following letters on the subject of Sabbath schools, originally constituted a series of contributions to the columns of the 'Christian Watchman.' They were afterwards gathered into a thin volume and published anonymously, for distribution among the friends of Sabbath schools, with the hope that through them, their principles would obtain favor with others, and that an increased friendly feeling would be manifested toward the institution. They are published in the present volume for a similar purpose — that of eliciting interest in Sabbath schools throughout the length and breadth of the land.]



cations in life of even Sabbath school teachers themselves, and the thousand items of labor and care which go to make up those avocations; when we reflect upon the tendencies of our nature,—our proneness to become lax in respect to things which have become familiar by continuous association and use, and our liability to lose sight of the advantages of our several stations and the opportunities which are open to us to do greater good, by suffering our minds to become blinded by some little success or an absence of palpable retrograde motion, (any or all of which calamities, our experience and observation teach us may befall us)—surely it does not appear improbable that *any friend* of Sabbath schools may be benefitted by a careful examination or review of the advantages of these institutions.

But should there, perchance, be one among my readers who is a stranger to Sabbath schools, or who is but partially acquainted with the operation of the Sabbath school system; or should there be one, who, awed by the depth and grandeur of their design, has suffered the risings of his nature to generate a prejudice against them;—surely, to such, a few remarks cannot be out of place. And it is trusted that the importance of these institutions,—important from the fact that they are calculated to exert a most powerful influence upon the destinies of our country and the world, by pre-

occupying and training the intellect which is to wield those destinies, — we trust, we say, that the manifest importance of these institutions will elicit from every *such* person an earnest attention, and a candid examination of any remarks which may be made respecting them.

With these preliminary observations, we propose to offer a series of communications upon the *moral, political, and religious advantages of Sabbath schools, and the obligations of Christians and the world to sustain these inestimable institutions.*

#### LETTER II.

The moral advantages of Sabbath Schools in general — to the pupils.

The grand design and aim of Sabbath schools at the present day is the conversion of the soul of every individual within their precincts (who may not have already experienced the saving influences of the Holy Spirit) from the supreme love of sin and self to the supreme love of holiness and God. By this we would not be understood to arrogate to these institutions the power of changing the heart by any physical operation, but would simply hold up the idea that a radical change of the natural affections is the object which they have uppermost in view, to which all their energies are adapted, and which, by the blessing of omnipotent grace they have accomplished in a multitude of instances,

and will accomplish, so long as there shall be within them souls to be saved, and truth shall have its legitimate influence upon those who are engaged in their internal management.

But, while their aim is so elevated, and their ultimate achievements are so spiritual, they have a powerful influence in forming and giving a correct tone to the moral sentiment, not only in the pupils and teachers, but in the families connected with them, and thus through the community in which they are providentially located. Yes, it is in the Sabbath school that those seeds of morality are sown that constitute the germ of those embryo principles which operate so conservatively upon the youthful mind, and which characterize the children and youth in many sections of our country. It is in the Sabbath school that the principles are cultivated and trained, under the careful hand and pliant skill of husbandmen taught of God, which in after life are developed in the full blossoming of all those excellent qualities that distinguish the dutiful child, the affectionate parent, the courteous neighbor, and the useful citizen.

But let us dwell for a moment upon *their effects on the morals of the pupils*. A child is sent to a common day-school for the purpose of intellectual culture; and, to the gratification of his observing parents and friends, he makes a perceptible and gradual, if not a rapid progress, in the various

branches of human science to which his attention is from time to time directed. There he acquires the art of obtaining knowledge from books, and the art of communicating ideas and information by language and writing. There he learns that the earth is a sphere,—upon what portion of it his country is located—its resources and relative importance to other nations,—and the relative importance of the whole globe to other worlds, whose numbers and brilliancy often incite a “longing after immortality,” as his young intellect expands, and with an instinctive consciousness of its capabilities, would grasp the universe in its scan, and analyze its component principles. And are not the moral qualities of the soul capable of a coincident development? And ought they not receive a like careful and co-extensive culture? Instruct a child in all the rudiments of human science, and leave the fallow ground of his heart unbroken, and though he prove not himself a very fiend or devil, he will illustrate but a small portion of the majestic being, whom, having erst created, God pronounced “very good.”

That the morals of children are neglected, or but partially cultivated, in most common schools\* and

\*It is a lamentable fact, that in many common schools, not only the moral culture of the pupils is neglected, but that some of the most dangerous principles that are capable of being exercised in the human breast are continually appealed to as incitements to industry and application in the study of those sciences which need only the stimuli of a coincident moral culture to be appreciated and admired.

family circles, is a fact too palpable to need any other argument than that furnished by the multitudes of youthful votaries to fashion, ambition, avarice and sensuality, in all their forms, who, dydra-like, lift their unseemly heads on every side to sap the founts of virtue,—severing, in their course, all those delicate fibres which nature has entwined about the hearts of mankind, breaking the silver cord of parental existence, and bringing grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. For, are not many of these same youths they for whom the mingled prayers and tears of parental solicitude and fondness have been offered before the throne of God day after day and year after year? And will not the Hearer of prayer answer the petitions of his creatures, when accompanied by a correspondent and systematic use of means?

To supply this deficiency\* in the education of the rising generation, the Sabbath school proffers its benign and efficient aid. Its doors are opened by the hand of philanthropy, and philosophy as well as religion bids the rich and the poor to enlist upon its roll the charge whom God has committed

\* In cases of extreme destitution of *intellectual* attainments, the pupils in the Sabbath schools should be instructed in the elementary branches of common education, so far as may be rendered immediately subservient to the main design of the institution ; and only so far, as otherwise, opportunity will be offered for instruction to those who, from mercenary motives, may be denied the privileges of our excellent public school institution on week-days.

to them. By this we would not be understood to undervalue the labors of those pious parents, who strive to train up their children in the way they should go; nor to lessen their responsibility to execute this great duty which they owe to God, to their children, and to the world. But we would be understood to say, that the Sabbath school proves a powerful auxiliary to the efforts of pious parents and guardians; that it is admirably calculated and indispensably necessary to roll back the tide of unhealthful influences, which the association with children of unsanctified parents during the week brings over the moral qualities; and that, on the whole, the institution is *necessary* to secure and preserve a salutary balance in the education of all children for usefulness in this world and happiness in the world to come.

In the Sabbath school the child is furnished from week to week with familiar illustrations of portions of divine truth,—made clear by the interesting expositions of his indefatigable teacher,\* whose benevolent principles have led him to avail himself

\* It must be a source of encouragement to all who feel interested in the Sabbath school enterprise, to know that not only the flower of *youthful* intellect throughout most of the settled parts of our country is enlisted in its service, but that some of our most aged and venerable citizens, and several distinguished statesmen and members of Congress are to be found in the ranks of Sabbath school teachers. Truly, even now, the hearts of "the fathers" are turning "to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers!"

of the copious helps provided in the records of profane history, and the more weighty attestations and convincing arguments of Biblical analogy, which a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures afford. The right of free inquiry upon any position advanced, is strictly inculcated by the teacher, who is ever willing to listen to the suggestions and inquiries of his sweet charge, and to impart all the knowledge he may possess, upon any portion of their exercise not distinctly understood. And here we would remark, that the zest for wisdom is greatly sharpened and increased by the collision of the intellects and hearts of children of the same age,\* but different attainments in knowledge, piety, and virtue.

In the Sabbath school, too, a peculiarly appropriate library, (which few if any families in the community are to any considerable extent possessed of) rich in the treasures and beauties of the literature of the world, extends its privileges to all the pupils — furnishing a most economical source of interesting and instructive information — and, like a moral sun, casts its bland rays through many a lattice where scarcely the Bible has found place, and piercing the crevices of moral destitution, alike in the hearts of the poor and the degraded as well as

\* This remark is only applicable to those schools which adopt the better course of generally classing together children of the same age, without particular reference to their literary acquisitions.

of the wealthy and the refined, by the genial glow of its unscanned emanations, wins the interest, the affections, the heart, to all that is lovely in the character of the truly virtuous.

Again,—in the Sabbath school the Holy Spirit \* delights to descend in showers of heavenly grace, to raise in power that which has been sown in great weakness — causing the praises of Jehovah to be proclaimed “out of the mouth of babes and sucklings!” What parent would not desire his offspring to grow up in such a nursery?

#### LETTER III.

##### Advantages to Teachers.

By closing my remarks upon the advantages of Sabbath schools to the pupils, with my second number, it will not be inferred — I trust — that I had exhausted my stock of information on that point. I might have mentioned the abstraction of the children from places of idleness, temptation and sin, during the holy hours of the Sabbath. I might have dwelt upon the culture of the social principle;

\* It is believed that in a majority of instances where revivals of religion were enjoyed during the year 1831 — a season of “refreshing” so notable in the annals of Evangelical religion in this country — in towns blessed with Sabbath schools, the attention to religion extended to those schools; and it is *known* that, in very many places, the revivals commenced in the Sabbath schools.



which is so extensively promoted in the Sabbath school, and which forms so important a feature in the proper education of children. I might have enlarged upon the republican sentiment which is generated in the bosoms of the children of the rich and the poor, mutually assembled to get and give instruction. And I might have pointed to—though I could not have portrayed—the richness of benevolence which is engendered in the soul, by the possession of *that* knowledge of the human race which is obtained in no other than a Sabbath school. But since some of the more prominent moral benefits—including the invaluable blessings arising from the presence of the Holy Spirit—have been noticed; and since some of these topics will be taken up under the more appropriate divisions of political and religious advantages, in subsequent communications, I will pass on to glance at some of the advantages which *teachers* derive from *their* connection with these “little heavens.”

In entering upon this head, I shall assume the position that all who are engaged as teachers were pressed into this labor of love by a feeling of obligation, rising above common benevolence, to do something for God and immortal souls: and although the motives of custom and friendly solicitation might have been secondarily instrumental in bringing them into so rife a field of benevolent action, still, their ultimate design was “to do good.”

A young man, for example, is met by a friend who is a Sabbath school teacher. The question is asked by his friend, whether he is engaged in a Sabbath school: the reply is in the negative. He is then asked whether he would not like to become a teacher: and here too the reply is indirectly in the negative. He has so many engagements during the week, he does not think it practicable for him to become a good teacher, and besides, he wants some time for rest and recreation. He is told of the large numbers of children who loiter and idle away the precious hours every Lord's day; the necessity of more efficient efforts in behalf of the ignorant and degraded; the want of faithful persons to look up and instruct the morally destitute; but apparently without avail. Soon, however, his friend meets him again: he tells him that in the school with which he is connected there is a class of interesting children without a teacher;\* that they are suffering for moral culture; and that this is an opportunity presented to do much good and prevent much evil, which he ought not to neglect. His benevolence and supposed love to God are now brought to a crisis. The path of duty is plainly

\* Although this is a supposed statement, we presume to say it is one which might be made use of in truth by many an alert teacher to his friend. Such being the case, no young man or woman, aware of the fact, can conscientiously excuse themselves for supineness or heedlessness in such an exigency.

marked out, and he cannot in conscience swerve from its narrow but safe entrance. He consents to take the class for a few Sabbaths, or until another teacher can be procured, upon condition that his friend shall tell him in what manner to proceed in order to interest and profit his class.

The conditions are complied with: his friend points out the portion of Scripture prescribed by the superintendent for the lesson on the coming Sabbath, and requests him to see that it is committed to memory by each of the children,\* and to say a few words by way of illustration and application; spending any overplus time in reading selections of Scripture, or any religious publication from the school library.

He commences upon his new duties with a fluttering heart. But he finds a blessing awaiting him when he first treads the threshold of the Sabbath school: a becoming soberness pervades him, that will accompany him through the exercises of the Sabbath, and dwell in him through the week; and although its effects may not be immediately perceptible to himself or his associates, its

\* In the writer's estimation, it is immeasurably important that the portion of Scripture selected for a lesson should be committed to memory, whether it be recited audibly or not; for by such a practice, the text becomes correctly fixed in the mind, and the pupil is prevented the mortification, in after life, which arises from such miserable mis-quotations as sometimes even fall from the minister at the altar.

richness will not long remain latent in his bosom, but will, by the grace of God, cause him to grow up, and flourish in the Christian course, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

He listens to the recital of the lesson, made doubly interesting from the thorough manner in which it has been committed by his charge, who are anxious to please their new teacher. Their promptness lights up a smile upon his countenance, and he begins already to rejoice in his new occupation. The recitation is finished. With faltering voice, the teacher attempts some familiar expository remarks — based upon the writings of some standard commentator — when he is interrupted by one of his artless pupils asking some unexpected but pertinent question. The teacher finds himself unable to answer readily; and soon both he and the members of his class find their true level: they all become completely nonplused, and are obliged to turn from their own resources to the Book of God. They now find that there is not that distance between them which they had anticipated; but that they are all comparatively ignorant students of the Bible, — mutually dependent.

Thus they go on from week to week, the teacher meanwhile endeavoring to go to school better prepared to instruct, and the pupils endeavoring to need less and less instruction, — both advancing in Scripture knowledge in nearly the same ratio. And

as they thus go on, the teacher finds that the more faithful he is, the more benefit he derives from his situation: for he is continually experiencing a vivid reaction upon his own heart, of all his precious efforts in this noble branch of Christian beneficence; thus proving, in the gospel sense of the precept, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' Such encouragement stimulates him to put forth his energies in other benevolent enterprises, assured that the legitimate product of virtue is virtue itself.

Young men and young women of this happy land! do you wish to do and get good? Enlist your names upon the teacher's roll in the Sabbath school. You shall there receive an hundred fold for all your labors; and hereafter, if you are faithful in your high calling, your name shall shine in that same catalogue, in burning capitals, upon the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the souls of those little ones, whom you may, by the blessing of God, savingly instruct, shall be given to you as crowns of your everlasting rejoicing!

#### LETTER IV.

Advantages of Teachers—rewards of faithfulness.

I WILL now mention the honor of Sabbath school teaching; for there is high honor attending the office of a Sabbath school teacher. But this honor is not of this world. It is not the honor which

man lavishes upon his professed friend. It is not an empty name. Nor is it a barren plant yielding no blossoms, and no verdant leaves with which to chaplet the brow of the steward of God. But, like a rich tree, it first springs up in the soul, branches out, and scatters its precious fruits to all around. It is the honor which comes from God. It is the honor which stimulates the 'ministering spirits' swiftly to execute their kind and comforting offices to the children of God. It is the honor of being a co-worker with God, the everlasting Father, in executing his purposes of reconciliation towards this estranged world. It incites its possessor, not to an overbearing repulsion or cold neglect of his fellow creatures, but, to eagerness to do good to all men as opportunity is presented, and especially to make efforts to save their immortal souls.

Such is the honor of a faithful Sabbath school teacher. And how does the honor of figuring in temporal empire, and the honor of attending upon an earthly sovereign dwindle into nothingness, when compared with the honor of sitting with God upon the throne of his omnipresence, to dispense gifts to men, and the honor of being counted worthy, through Christ, to be instrumental in winning as loyal subjects to his kingdom, those who, by the native blindness of their minds, are subject to the prince of darkness! And though this honor be not enviable to the careless child of this world,

it is appreciated by brighter intelligences than this world can boast; and it is the sure precursor of that everlasting honor which awaits all those who shall hereafter sit down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. What young man or young woman, what professor of religion, what intelligent reader, will not value this honor? Who will not covet such an elevation?

But the *faithful* teacher in a Sabbath school derives one advantage from his station, which is of more intrinsic value than a thousand worlds. It is a lively assurance of his discipleship to his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. He opens his Bible, and there reads the commands of our Lord to his apostles, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,'\* 'Feed my lambs;' and as he ponders the sacred mandates, he hears a monitory voice from the Holy One — echoing its sweet vibrations from the sacred pages — 'Ye are my disciples if ye do whatsoever I command you.' He casts an eye within, and as he perceives that God has in much mercy turned his footsteps into the path of duty, with a holy ambition for that

\* The frank reader of the New Testament will readily allow that the spirit of these injunctions is equally binding upon him as they were upon those to whom they were originally delivered; since, in Matt. xxviii. 20, Christ, in dispensing the apostolic commission, directs the apostles to teach all nations to observe, to the end of time, all things whatsoever he commanded them, as his immediate successors, to observe.

'crown of rejoicing' which awaits all those who win souls to God, he humbly but cheerfully adopts as his watch-word, 'onward, onward!'

Teacher! are *you* thus faithful? Do you find within you that spirit of obedience which is here described, sweetly compelling you to go forward with prayers and tears, entreating and beseeching your charge to become reconciled to God? Then, then may you be comforted under all your trials, and be of good cheer, though your hopes be deferred. The spirit that prompts you to your labors, is identified with the spirit of the only begotten Son of God, who left the bosom of his Father, on the great errand of mercy to our guilty and ruined world. Go on: and though you sow in tears, you shall reap in joy. Go on: and though your labors seem not be crowned with immediate success, be earnest — be patient — leave the issue with God; and doubtless you shall come forth at the last, bearing your sheaves.

#### LETTER V.

##### Advantages to Parents.

WE have already adverted incidentally to some of the benefits which flow to *parents*, from the connection of their children with Sabbath schools. But we cannot forbear to dwell upon so interesting a branch of our subject: interesting, inasmuch as it



involves in its enkindling contemplations every parent in Christendom. For, the blessings of Sabbath schools are not confined to those families, some of whose members are the immediate recipients of the salutary instructions they afford. Sabbath school instruction is moral leaven ; it not only acts upon the minds and hearts with which it comes into more immediate contact, but diffuses its vivifying influence from mind to mind, from heart to heart, from child to child, from individual to individual, throughout the whole community which is so happy as to embrace a Sabbath school within its boundaries, until the whole mass of population is to a greater or less extent affected by it.

What then are the advantages which *parents* in particular derive from the Sabbath school institution ?

We would remark, in the first place, that the advantages of Sabbath schools to parents are varied and powerful, according to the character and circumstances of parents themselves. Is a parent so happy as to have systematized his parental duties so as to include a regular elucidation of some portion of divine truth, addressed from day to day or from Sabbath to Sabbath to his children, in a manner adapted to their intellectual capacities, *he* may not be supposed — though he sends his children thither — to derive the same or as much advantage from the Sabbath school, as he who — though pos-

sessed of the inclination — lacks the ability to instruct his children interestingly in the oracles of God, and who, by the very attendance of his offspring at the school, is himself enabled, through their teaching, accompanied by the influences of the Holy Spirit, to grow “wise unto salvation.” Again, how must the heart of the poor disconsolate widow leap for joy, as she witnesses in her only son — who, in infancy, with herself has been cast upon the world in poverty and wretchedness — the breaking forth of that filial affection, and to experience that sustaining regard which are due to maternal solicitude and kindness, and, in more congenial circumstances, would have been expected without anxious looking for; but which, were it not for his seemingly casual connection with the Sabbath school, would never have held an existence in his bosom! And how must that father’s heart swell with gratitude to God, who, through inattention to the proper education of his offspring, has been called to weep over the follies and crimes of his son, when he is permitted to behold in him that moral change which marks “the beginning of wisdom,” and which, but for the instrumentality of the Sabbath school, would never have possessed his wayward heart! And are such cases unknown? Are they rare? Let the long catalogue of Sabbath school children, whose names have been written in Heaven during the past year,\* answer these

questions. Let the reverberating choruses of the rejoicing angels, as they rebound through the arches of the heavenly mansions, respond in the majesty of their eloquence.

But it is not our purpose to enter fully into the *minutiæ* of those benefits of Sabbath schools which might with propriety be enlarged upon under the interrogatory before us. We have mentioned two or three in order to illustrate the variety of exigency, and the correspondent benefit which accrues to parents who place their children under the moral influence of Sabbath schools. We will now notice only a few particulars of cases such as are more prominent and common.

In the first place, however well or ill instructed children may be, Sabbath school learning tends powerfully to train them up to and establish them in a proper sense of filial affection and duty. Are parents careful of the moral education of their children, and earnest in their endeavors to inculcate a just sense of the obligations which their children owe to them, — the Sabbath school is a powerful auxiliary to their precepts, seconding all their admonitions by coincident injunctions from the Bible, dilated upon by those who make it a business to study the varied and meandering avenues to the hearts of children. Have parents been comparatively neglectful of the education of their offspring; the Sabbath school is the place, above all others, to

which they should be sent, that they may effectually learn to obey their parents in the Lord, and to cherish all those endearing ties, a sense of which will tend to make them comforts and supports to their parents in their declining years. Not to derogate at all from the offices and dignity of the pulpit, we would simply remark in this connection, in general terms, that to our mind the Sabbath school is the place — the only place — at the present day, where instruction is dispensed relevant to the moral wants of the rising generation, in a manner adapted to their tender years. Do parents desire, then, the furtherance of the best interests of their children? Let them send them to the Sabbath school. It is peculiarly their “little sanctuary.” To them it is “the house of God;” and if they are encouraged to forsake not the assembling of themselves together there from Sabbath to Sabbath, it may — it will — prove to many “the gate of Heaven!”

Again, all the blessed privileges and benefits of Sabbath schools which have been noticed in these consecutive letters, and many more which are incident to the institution, are offered freely to all, “without money and without price.” While this unlimited freedom of access imposes a high responsibility upon parents generally to avail themselves of the opportunity thus held out to do lasting good to their children by sending them to Sabbath schools, it furnishes them with a weighty induce-

ment for so doing. For who is so rich that he must needs waste his riches? And where is the poor to whom a free gift is not grateful?

To those parents who may be desirous of a more extended sphere of direct moral influence than their families offer, or who are willing to aid in a most powerful way to roll on the wheels of mental and moral progress in society, the Sabbath school furnishes a station for the development of their benevolent enterprise, second to none but the pulpit. Here they may not only instruct their own children, but may embrace within the circle of their influence and generosity, the poor, the destitute, the neglected, and them who have none upon earth to call father or mother, and who will hereafter arise and call them blessed, for extending to them the affectionate interest and benevolent efforts of fathers and mothers in Israel.

We cannot close this letter, without expressing our earnest desire that the achievements of Sabbath schools, which have proved so salutiferous to many families in this community, might serve to enlist the services of *parents* more generally, rather than to lull them into a criminal trust in the instrumentality of others whom God in his providence has called to the work of saving the souls of children and youth. O that they would show their gratitude for the instrumentality of Sabbath schools, in mollifying the hearts and con-

sciences of their own children, by voluntarily coming forward, with a glorious magnanimity, to increase their precious influences, until they may effectually reach every child in our midst. Then would not the Sabbath school be straitened in its efforts. Then would not its energies be cramped. But then would it prove itself, to the witness of the world, the true nursery of the church, the garden of the Lord, the blessing of the whole earth.

## LETTER VI.

## National Advantages.

CIVIL liberty and the enjoyment of the inalienable rights of man, are everywhere mainly dependent, under God, upon the intelligence and virtue of a community. And just so far as these elements enter into the character of a people, just so brightly will the lamp of liberty shine forth, to lead that people to the enjoyment of all that is precious in the existence of free moral agents in their pilgrimage here on earth.

That an institution which tends so much to the proper development of the intellectual faculties, and more especially which contributes so largely to the virtue of private character, as does the Sabbath school, should be important in a political point of view, will be at once manifest. But there are two or three particulars, wherein this institution is

vastly beneficial to the state in this republican government; insomuch that it would be matter of political economy for the government to provide for their universal establishment and support throughout the country, were it not that their alliance to the church would render such a course wrong, as repugnant to the genius of our Federal Constitution. To these *particulars* we propose to confine our attention: And,

First,—*In the Sabbath school are generated and matured the principles which constitute the essence of republicanism.* There “the rich and the poor meet together,” and from their earliest years are subjected to a course of discipline that tends to make them ever conscious that “the Lord is the Maker of them all.” There the Bible is the textbook of all the gradations of instruction; and by a careful survey of its delineations of human nature and the analogy in the dealings of God’s providence with mankind in past ages, the inmates most emphatically learn that “all men are created equal.”\* The little distinctions of high birth and rich parentage, and the pride of dress and intellect—those noxious weeds which so often and so early take possession of the human breast—are there met, while yet they are but just lifting their puny heads, by the blazing light of the Sun of Righteousness,

\* Declaration of Independence.

whose searching rays, concentrated in the book of divine truth, wilt and sear and destroy whatever of evil comes within their focus. And he to whom Providence has given any advantages above his fellows, and who by his arrogance might in time, under other circumstances, render himself obnoxious to an enlightened community, by his fortunate connection with the Sabbath school, is enabled to learn that advantages are but talents for which he will be held accountable at the judgment, and that the true secret of happiness consists, in a great measure, of that expansive benevolence, which makes men "kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." \*

Secondly,—In the Sabbath school are cherished those principles of equality which led our pilgrim fathers to leave their country and their homes; which actuated the signers of the Declaration of Independence when they put their names to that immortal document as the conjoint signet of the enlightened sense of the American people; and to maintain which, the patriots of '76, mutually pledged to each other their *lives*, their *fortunes*, and their *sacred honor*:† and not only cherished, but are brought to bear upon the consciences of the pupils with a universality of application seldom

\* Rom. xii : 10.

† Declar. Independence.



practised upon, by the-express declaration of Scripture, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men,"\* and our Saviour's comprehensive interpretation of the second table of the decalogue, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."† Such instructions as these, present to the patriot as well as to the philanthropist an interesting feature in the Sabbath school institution; inasmuch as they must have a powerful influence in generating in the tender minds of children and youth an active interest in the slave population of our country, which it cannot be doubted will ere long prove a powerful auxiliary to that enlightened public sentiment, which is beginning to put forth its energies with wisdom and with power to efface from the escutcheon of our nation that stain which has so long sullied its glory.

I would fain indulge in communicating the results of my lucubrations upon the efficacy of Sabbath schools, in the prevention of crime; in the promotion of a general spirit of industry and enterprise; in leading to a due estimate of the right of suffrage; and the consequent elevation of national character. But I forbear. The necessity of the case seems to require but one additional exemplification to establish the proposition, to wit, that Sabbath schools are of incalculable advantage to this country in a political point of view. And,

\* Acts xvii. 26.

† Matt. xxii: 39.

Lastly,—However unjust the calumny from abroad, that we are “a nation of drunkards,” it cannot be denied that intemperance greatly abounds in our land, prostrating in its besom course some of the most gigantic intellects—thus robbing the state of some of its costliest treasures—and hurrying thousands of our fellow-citizens to an untimely grave. And where shall we look for effectual and entire relief, while our heads have “become waters” and our “eyes fountains of tears,” by reason of our long searching for the star of hope? It is true we have temperance societies, and, blessed be God, they have done and are doing much good. But after all their operations and achievements, as we look abroad over the land, we see thousands and tens of thousands who are “given to strong drink.” The chain of habit is about the neck of their enslaved souls, and Satan, with an infernal grasp, is drawing them down to hell, with an impetus that nothing but almighty power can stay. But this is not all. Their little ones, whom they should have brought up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” are daily exposed to the withering influence of their evil example, and thus literally trained to the intoxicating pleasures of the bowl. Where, then, is our hope that this body-and-soul-destroying vice will not be handed down from generation to generation, and that intemperance will not continue forever to blast a large amount of the intellect of

our beloved country? Where shall we look for a deliverance and a preservative of the rising generation? Are we told that they may be induced to pledge themselves to the articles of "total abstinence?" — 't is true they may, and it would be well if they were. But is there anything talismanic in a pledge, that can impenetrably mail the delicate spirit of an unregenerate child against the attacks of a constant, abiding temptation, and the deadly influence of a parent's wicked example? We think not.

But we have hope. Our hope is in the *Sabbath school institution*. In the Sabbath school, children get that knowledge which not only leads them rightly to estimate the value of a pledge, but may and, thanks to God! often does induce them intelligently and sincerely to place themselves under that pledge of pledges, the consecration of body, soul and spirit, to God, in an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten. The *Sabbath school* is the armory from which we would have every child in our country furnished and equipped, that so he may be able to overcome the temptations of "the world, the flesh and the devil," and thus be fitted by the grace of God faithfully to serve his day and generation.

## LETTER VII.

National Advantages. — Subject continued.

ALTHOUGH there may not be a doubt in the mind of any one of my readers, as to the general benefit which this nation derives from the Sabbath school institution; and although a sufficiency of particular proof may have been advanced to satisfy any incredulity on this point; still there are two or three points of peculiar adaptation of that institution to the exigencies of the times in which we live, which I would beg leave briefly to notice.

In the first place, there is abroad a spirit of oppression towards the red man and the aboriginals of our country. And it must be a question of great interest to every lover of freedom, how it is that the disposition has so rapidly obtained of late, to lop the tree of liberty which our fathers planted, and so many of their progeny have nurtured and cultivated, of those beauteous boughs which extended their refreshing shade to every hut and wigwam upon the American continent?

Again, here and there among us we hear the low mutterings of a spirit of disunion, which occasionally breaks out into the formidable ravings of hostility between brethren. And we are led to inquire with deep seriousness, how it is that any of the descendants of the martyr-spirits of '76 so

lightly esteem the goodly fabric of freedom and mutual blessedness which their fathers erected and cemented with their blood ?

If a retired individual, who delights to observe men and things with a view to contribute his mite toward the increase of universal peace and happiness ; one whose soul thrills with interest for Columbia's glory, may answer these questions,—I would say, it is because with a prosperity unprecedented among the nations of the earth, we have been deficient as a nation, in that moral culture which is so necessary to preserve a proper balance in human character, and which would have restrained all those passions the fruits of which we now lament.

Once more,—The wide-spread territory of the west, already teeming with an enormous population, which is prodigiously increased every year by the influx of ignorant foreign emigrants, presents to the mind that will cast a look of prospective analogy down the stream of futurity, an alarming cause of anxiety for the character of that portion of our countrymen who may occupy that natural paradise, and whose representation will ere long give preponderance to our congressional enactments. After a careful survey of the moral resources of this interesting part of our country, the writer is compelled to testify that the prospect is truly dark. The richness of the soil, and other facilities for subsistence

with which nature has endowed it, would alone be sufficient to require a mighty counterpart of moral energy, in order to preserve the inhabitants from those habits of vicious indolence which characterize the people of some of the nations of the east.

But there is one source of fear in reference to the west, which is more formidable than any, and perhaps all others. The nations of Europe, tinct with a desire for freedom, are fast throwing off the shackles which successive monarchs have clamped upon their liberties, and with them the superstitions which form so great a part of that moral and intellectual darkness which the "mother of harlots," the ally of kings, has hung over them to conceal her iniquitous purposes. Popery trembles for her possessions there; and the monarch of the triple-crown has an eagle eye upon our western territory as a nursery of the Romish church.\*

\* A Catholic paper not long since published a letter dated at the College de Propaganda Fide, Rome, Aug. 20, 1832, of which the following is an extract. "We are now in the College of Propaganda, 69 in number, of whom 7 are from the United States, 4 from Nova Scotia, and one from Kingston, U. C. We daily expect two more Maronites, from Mount Libanus in Palestine. I feel pleasure in stating that one of the principal objects which seems now to employ the thoughts of our distinguished Secretary, is the Mission of the United States, and I hope that before another year passes, there will be two places in the college filled by two students from every

Already have numerous emissaries \* and large sums of money been transported thither to effect his purposes. And shall we, O shall we suffer the beautiful temple of civil and religious liberty to be supplanted and demolished by such a foe, while the finger of Divine Providence is pointing so directly to a preventive in the Sabbath school institution? Forbid it Americans! Forbid it Heaven!

diocese of the United States, as I am certain the Bishops have only to ask, and they will be granted."

The U. S. Catholic Miscellany, contains a letter from Rome, bearing date Feb. 23, 1833, of which the following is an extract. "There was this day a congregation of the Propaganda, at which the Pope presided. Detroit, Michigan, was created into a Sec, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reeze appointed its first Bishop. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, (Md.) was appointed Bishop of Cincinnati, Ohio. Several other questions regarding the American Church were laid over until the next congregation, amongst them was that respecting the propriety of creating a new See at Vincennes, Indiana. Cardinals *Weld*, *Lambruschianni* and *Sale*, were appointed a committee to make the necessary inquiries, and to report upon the same and other questions."

A Romish paper has recently been established at St. Louis, Mo., printed partly in French and partly in English, with the very significant title, "The Shepherd of the Valley."

\* A vessel from Europe recently landed at New Orleans nineteen Romish priests bound to the Western country; and it is believed they were all of that detestable order, the Jesuits, which popery itself once suppressed.

A large increase of moral education is the only preventive and remedy, which the foresight of the writer can discover, for all the evils which have been noticed in this letter. Such a step, he thinks, would, under God, if speedy and efficient, soon repair all material breaches and prevent further inroads upon the pure principles and liberties of this noble republican government. And I would appeal to my protestant countrymen, *whether this is not the means — the only means — which we can and must use.* Has conviction already flashed your understandings? Then let me beseech you to lend your aid in every proper, and possible way, to the enlargement and efficiency of the Sabbath school institution. Let its benign privileges be extended to every village and hamlet in our country, and then may we look, with hope and hallowed exultation, for the perpetuity of all our precious and invaluable privileges as citizens of a great and glorious Republic.

LETTER VIII.

Advantages to Religion.

THAT glory of the church which is to shine forth "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners," is to be made up of radiations of divine grace, mirrored forth from the hearts of individual Christians. And the fulfillment



of all those glorious prophecies that are to be consummated by the ushering in of the day of millennial glory is to be brought about by the instrumentality of united Christian effort. So we read ; so the corroborating providence of God teaches ; so we believe. Yes, to *Christians* have been committed the oracles of God ; on *them* has been conferred the privilege of being instrumental in causing the solitary place to be made glad, the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose, and the islands of the sea to rejoice for the salvation of God ; and on *them* has devolved the high and weighty responsibility of preaching the gospel to every creature.

While we would reverently recognize the principle that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that any radical change in the moral character of the world must be effected ; still, keeping in view the wonted employment of human agency, the usual ratio of adult conversions, and the actual strength of the Christian ranks at the present time throughout the earth,\*—the

\* “But what is *now* the spiritual condition of our race? Five hundred millions, it is notorious, remain to this hour pagan idolaters, and one hundred millions more are the followers of the impostor Mahommed. Two hundred millions only are left wearing the Christian name ; and in order to make the calculation respecting the real state of this remnant as favorable as possible, we will suppose the place of your residence to be a fair epitome of the whole Christian world. Is there one person in four there, who appears to be brought decidedly under the influence of Christian principles? I

writer's heart sickens at the moral aspect of the world; and he would be compelled to weep and weep over its desolations, and to wring his hands in despair of its renovation, were it not that his faith bids him to trust in God, who

— “moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.”

We are pointed in the Scriptures to a day when there shall be no need of one saying to his neighbor, “know ye the Lord,” for all shall know him from the least to the greatest: and we are there informed that it is through the instrumentality of the word of God, which is truth, that the millions who never heard of a Bible — and who could not *now* read it if they possessed it\* — are to be converted and sanctified. It becomes, therefore, every believer in divine revelation, though he labors diligently with tears, to cherish under all his trials and impediments the most implicit confidence in the final fulfillment of the promises of God. “Hath he said, and shall he not do it?”

fear not. We have, then, less than fifty millions of real Christians on earth at any given time, and all the rest, (seven hundred and fifty millions,) are living and dying without God in the world!” — *Ward's Letters*.

\* It was recently stated by one of the officers of the American Bible Society, that there were “about five hundred languages and dialects into which the Scriptures have never been translated.” Christian scholar! — Christian capitalist! — whose is the responsibility?

While contemplating the thinness of the ranks of the Captain of our salvation, one of the greatest sources of assurance to the writer, that Christians are not left by God to work single-handed, and one of the greatest encouragements to hope that their numbers will be greatly increased — so that they will ere long be enabled to complete the great work of evangelizing the world, assigned them in the *word* of God, — has been presented by the unfoldings of his *providence*. In the course of events, the design of *Sabbath schools* has gradually become so modified that its most prominent and interesting features now are, its aim and adaptation to the entire renovation of the soul. Instead of mere schools, where the ignorant juvenile street vagrants are gathered for the purpose of instruction in the first principles of intellectual and moral science, *Sabbath schools*, so called, are children's sanctuaries, alike open to the rich and the poor; they are the temples of the living God, where he delights to dwell, to revive his image upon the heart of childhood by the washing of the softest showers of his grace, and where the shechina of his presence is manifested in the roll of the infant pæan as it rises from the lips of even "babes and sucklings," fraught with that perfection of praise, sincerity, and truth! And it is *God* who hath done this: Robert Raikes (respectfully

it is said) dreamed not of it,\* when he gathered the poor children of Gloucester together upon the Sabbath, at the inspiration of the word "try."† We doubt not the Lord dictated the original attempt of the venerable founder of Sabbath schools, and that he hath watched over and modified these precious institutions through a series of years, in such way as more effectually to secure to himself his own glory.

Since the cognizance and care of Heaven have been so signally bestowed upon the Sabbath school institution, it becomes Christians to thank God, take courage, and pray earnestly, in the hope that their bands shall soon be strengthened by great accessions of healthful, well-trained, and thoroughly furnished volunteers, who will assist them to fight

\* The "Herald," a respectable publication of the Connecticut Sunday School Union, remarks in reference to the original institution of Sabbath schools, — "In his [Raikes'] mind, it was simply a device for teaching a few of the wretched children whom he saw thronging the streets on the Sabbath, ignorant of everything but misery and wretchedness:" and this is but a reiteration of the declarations of other works which may, in the minds of some, be deemed more authentic.

† This word was so powerfully impressed on the mind of Mr. Raikes as he passed a certain spot, contemplating the wretched state of vagrant Sabbath-breakers and conning the feasibility of Sabbath schools, that he was at once prompted to enter upon the execution of his benevolent plan: and ever afterwards, as he passed that spot, a thrill of joy ran through his well-disappointed bosom.

manfully the great fight of faith, and to plant the standard of the cross upon the soil of every nation under the canopy of the skies.

## LETTER IX.

*Advantages to Religion. — Subject continued.*

WE have already intimated that the diffusion of the gospel through the numerous unevangelized portions of the earth, is dependent in a very considerable measure upon the agency of combinations or associations of men. It is no less true that all the great operations of benevolence owe both their origin and their efficiency to the diffusive influence of the gospel ; and that, as true religion flourishes or flags, so will benevolent enterprise increase or diminish in activity and moral power. Take away the life-giving energy of the gospel from a people, and you will look in vain for vigorous efforts for the melioration of the moral condition of mankind at large. The spread of the gospel and the spread of active benevolent societies, are mutually dependent one upon the other. They go hand in hand. They are inseparably linked together ; and it is an admirable instance of the wisdom of Him who hath so ordained it.

The foregoing proposition established, it becomes manifest that wheresoever the gospel is proclaimed with power, — that is the place, the spot, from

whence we may expect to perceive benevolence, bursting forth and expanding itself in all the ramifications which an enlarged charity can dictate. Now where is the place, we would ask, where the gospel may be preached with *more* success than in the Sabbath school? Surely, Christian economy can point to none; a Christian philosopher would wish for none. It is a garden where the soil is good, and the seed is good that is sown; but alas! the unbelief of *Christians*, and that alone, has prevented the showers of divine grace from descending with that copiousness, which might have ere this caused the tender plants to have sprung up and blossomed in such profusion and abundance that their fragrance would have pervaded the whole world. God is "a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children;" and where parents and Christians themselves sow tares of unfaithfulness, in the ordinary course of his providence tares are permitted to grow, which only fit themselves to be burned.

Now then, let Christian teachers and parents have done with earth, and let them break loose from its shackles; let them tear from its resting-place every idol that is niched in the secret chambers of their hearts; let them in reality put on Christ as the panoply of their souls; let them be often and earnest in prayer for the conversion of the rising generation; in short, in all their conduct,

especially before children, let them so deport themselves that their lives shall be shining epistles of a lively faith in the inseparable connection between vigorous, prayerful effort, and wished-for success; and most truly we shall soon see different results from the efforts that are expended in Sabbath schools — children, in multitudes, resolving themselves into verdant branches of that Tree, “whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.” It is a great mistake, that the gospel cannot be preached successfully, excepting to mixed congregations of old and young, in steepled edifices; and Christians should be made to feel this, for until they do feel it, theirs is the responsibility of setting at nought one of the plainest indications of Providence, and the guilt of limiting the power of the Almighty. *Truth* is the instrument in the hand of God, to break down the wall of separation between mankind and the kingdom of the Redeemer; and surely, if it can radically demolish those parts that rise in turreted strength unto Heaven, it can in other parts easily uproot the foundation, ere the superstructure of sin is settled upon it.

Since, then, in Sabbath schools — where there exists an unparalleled susceptibility to truth — the gospel is preached; and since these institutions have already been productive of such purifying principles as have been portrayed in the preceding numbers of this series; since, in them, moreover,

from early childhood, are strongly and particularly inculcated all those noble sentiments that have led Christians in advanced life, at so late a day, to put forth their energies in Bible, Tract, Missionary, Education, Sabbath school, Temperance, Peace, and Emancipation enterprises; — there cannot be a doubt but that the Sabbath school is the secret key, by which Almighty Wisdom has long since determined to unlock the treasures of his grace, that are to enlarge the borders of the church, and to enrich the world by an universal spread of the gospel and revivals of pure religion, until “the kingdoms of this world” shall “have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.” May the rust of *Christians’* infidelity not impede its turning. God grant it, for Christ’s sake.

#### LETTER X.

##### Obligations to support Sabbath schools.

ON reviewing the letters we have penned upon this subject, we are impelled to question ourselves whether the catalogue of the advantages of Sabbath schools which we have presented to the inspection of our readers, is indeed a true catalogue; or whether the statements we have made from time to time, have not been the wild dicta of hours of reverie,



and the prospective benefits of these institutions that we have depicted were not at best but dreams of poetry. But we have a secret and abiding consciousness of having written these letters with strict reference to truth and the glory of God, and under the invoked guidance of Heaven; and with our hand upon our heart, we can now sincerely say, that we believe the half of what may truly be said in favor of Sabbath schools has not been told.

We propose, however, to go no farther. This is our closing number. Our reason for not pursuing the detail of argument in favor of Sabbath schools, is that we have already devoted as much time, in setting before the community this interesting subject, as we originally designed to; and further, we believe sufficient has been said — though in a homely and unerudite manner — to call forth as much friendly regard to the subject matter, as would be elicited by a more lengthy series of papers.

From the first, our wish has been to excite an increased attention to the cause of Sabbath schools; and although we have not dealt largely in the statistics of these institutions, it has not been because we do not appreciate facts as well as speculations, nor because the documents have not been at hand, from which to gather numerical illustrations of

their decided benefits to various communities and countries: but we have thought a different course more congenial to our purpose; and we beg leave to refer readers who have been sufficiently interested to peruse our letters thus far, to the reports of the various Sabbath school Unions, for synopses of the multifarious achievements of these blessed institutions.

In reflecting upon what we have done, we have only to regret that we had not even been prevented the delightful task by abler hands;\* and our only excuse to the reader for obtruding our remarks into notice as we have, is, that the Sabbath school interest is one that is most dear to our soul, and one which we feel should occupy a higher place in the affections of Christians and the public generally than it has ever yet obtained. We have a kind of inward satisfaction, in that while we have attempted to contribute our mite to so desirable a result, we have not prevented those who are more able from holding up this institution in its more endearing and imposing aspects. There is still an open field for the development of their largest conceptions, and an open press to convey to the public eye their more exalted theories. Would

\* Since most of these letters were written, a "premium tract," on the "Advantages of Sabbath schools," has been published by the American Tract Society; which, from the excellence of its character, and its low price, we trust will obtain a wide circulation.

to Heaven they might yet come forward, and present their tribute to so noble an object, in

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!”

And what are the statements and doctrines that have been advanced in this series of letters?

It has been our endeavor to sustain the following proposition, to wit: that while the great general design and aim of Sabbath schools is to win and convert souls to Christ, they incidentally correct and elevate the moral and intellectual character of the pupils, teachers, the communities in which they are located, and the country at large — supply radical defects in common school education — prove powerful auxiliaries to parental authority — supply a serious deficiency in the preaching of the day — carry salvation, through the pupils and teachers, to the families with which they are connected (some, of whom seldom or never attend upon the ordinary ministrations of God’s house,) — contribute essentially to the formation of republican principles — inculcate true notions of obligation to the slave population — tend radically to check the vice of intemperance — operate powerfully to prevent and restrain political feuds and dissensions — present a hindrance to the progress of Romanism in this country, especially in the great western section — furnish important accessions to the church — and cherish in the bosoms of teachers and taught all

those feelings and sentiments that give impulse to that enlarged benevolent action, which under God is to turn the world into a moral paradise. //

And now, in view of what has been advanced, we would ask, *what are the obligations of Christians and the public generally, in reference to this important institution, the cause of which we have been pleading?* Most assuredly, if what has been asserted is true, they owe to God their most hearty thanks and grateful acknowledgments for its establishment; and to Sabbath schools, the evidence of their gratitude, in prayers to Heaven for their increase and prosperity, and in their *individual* and continuous support and succor, under all the various exigencies which are daily developing themselves to the observation of all who are not sinfully blind to the situation and wants of these inestimable blessings to the church and the world. Are sacrifices of time, talents, or money called for by their growing necessities,—they should be freely yielded to the demand by their fortunate possessors. And are not all of these sacrifices called for at the present time? Who shall go out “into the highways and hedges,” and sweetly compel the wandering Sabbath-breakers to come into the Sabbath school, while the regular teacher is engaged in his unceasing call of imparting instruction to those children who are already enlisted? Who shall lend the strength of their talents and

acquirements, to endeavor to retain the young men and young women in the Sabbath school, when they have arrived at such an age and such an attainment in intellectual knowledge, that they begin to feel that they are wiser than their teachers, and that the Sabbath school is no place for them to resort to with the expectation of getting wisdom or understanding? Who will go to the West, to strive against "the Beast?" Or who will go to the far South, where Christianity — even in the distorted character of Romanism — is scarcely known from the voice of the living preacher; but where children are permitted to grow up like weeds in a neglected garden? Who will pay for room-rent, and fuel, and books for a number of schools among ourselves, no less than the number that already exist, for the accommodation of the thousands of children who never saw the inside of a Sabbath school, and who must be brought in? Brethren of this enlightened portion of christendom! we are but stewards of God's bounty, and are bound to bestow it wheresoever it is needed. Let us beware, then, lest we keep back any part which the Holy Ghost may require at our hands.

And *shall* Sabbath schools have their dues? Professed Christians, patriots, philanthropists! we put the question to you; and conjure you, severally, to look at it with strict reference to your own personal obligations. What have *you* done in refer-

ence to this subject in times past? — What are you *now* doing! — What shall be the account which you will soon have to render at the bar of Him who will come to judge the world, of the manner in which *you* have discharged *your* duty to the rising generation, many of whom are, by various circumstances, deprived of the opportunities of mental and moral culture during the week, and some of whom are literally hungering and thirsting after righteousness? Pause — listen to the yet echoing voice of the Saviour, “Feed my lambs” — reflect — decide — and act in such manner, as that when the millions of the redeemed, from the Sabbath school ranks, shall be gathered in white robes at the right hand of the throne of the Most High, you may be there to receive the inexpressibly grateful welcome from the King of Heaven, “*Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*”

## THE POOR ARTIST.

"Serene Philosophy !

She springs aloft with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and angel-winged,  
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear."

THERE is one whom I love to think of oft,  
With an intenser passion far, than I  
Can summon forth to most whom I call friends.  
I love sweetly to task my memory, too,  
At times, for some ensample of his pure  
And rich philosophy.

'T was evening when  
I entered his abode, where silence seemed  
To indicate as ruthless an attempt  
At courtesy. He paced his room — his eyes  
Fixed in their sockets, and his brow knit low —  
As though with studied nicety his steps  
He measured. There his pencil and palette  
Lay — not from sloth, but want of patronage —  
Neglected. He was with sorrows bowed : yet,  
Mine was no cold reception at his hand ;  
For he was a true Christian, nor would let  
His individual suffering cramp the glow  
And ardor of benevolence within  
His lacerated bosom. He was poor  
In this world's goods, but rich in faith and hope.  
The Bible was to him a casket, full  
Of rarer gems, and, clasped in ancient style,  
Upon a cushioned tripod laid, — o'er which  
His wonted prayers ascended. The bright vein

In his psychrometer ran low, — and his  
Contracted window was flowered o'er with frost.  
The moon-beams played upon the crystal buds,  
And pliant streamed through the rich foliage,  
That sparkled so prismatically, when  
The piercing wind waved the dim flame that danced  
Upon the crisped wick of his spent taper.

“But one blast more, and like a star 't will roll  
From its bright orbit, and be lost in rays  
Of traceless emanations.”

He said: and —  
Clenching my hand — sank to his huge arm-chair  
Beside me. With a bright flash, like the last  
And false nerved struggle of a dying man —  
When the immortal spirit is drawn up  
To its intelligent centre, whose love breathed  
It first into existence, and leaves earth, —  
The flame sought its original. 'T was then  
A soft and steady fulgency burst in  
Upon a draft of the Cenacolo,\*  
Which graced his chequered wall. The sheen lit up  
A smile upon his care-worn face, and he  
Gave utterance to the joys that flowed his soul.

“Sweet talisman of by-gone days  
And fair Italia's skies!  
Back to those times and scenes how quick  
Imagination flies.”

He sighed, then raised his eyes to Heaven, and said,

\* The Cenacolo, or “Last Supper,” was originally painted in fresco, by Leonardo da Vinci, upon the wall of the refectory or hall of the convent of the Dominicans, attached to the church Santa Maria Della Grazie, at Milan.



## RECREATIONS OF A MERCHANT,

"How prone to cleave to things of earth,  
And dwell upon its joys!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Look hew the silvery moon-beams lave  
The picture that I love ;  
To cheer my saddened spirit, and  
To lift my thoughts above.

"O, may I e'er remember Him,  
I pictured here behold ;  
And ne'er forget his dying love,  
His sufferings untold !

"I raised this emblem to incite  
My memory of Him, who  
Had greater sorrow far than I  
And was forsaken too.

"Though pent in poverty's mean cot,  
Secluded and unknown  
To the wide world, and pierced with care,  
I never am alone.

"God condescends to dwell with me,  
And succor with his grace,  
While from his own beloved Son  
He hid his smiling face !

"When his o'erflowing soul burst forth  
In agony to God,  
No sympathizing voice was heard,  
No hand restrained the rod.

"But I, poor worthless worm of dust,  
When clouds and tempests rise,  
Receive support, — faith, hope, and love,  
E'en ere I lift my cries.

" List ! there are echoings from that book,  
' Fear not — I am with thee —  
Be not dismayed — I am thy God —  
Do this — remember me.'

" Such is the solace of my soul —  
This sweet communion, free ;  
Though rest of all the world holds dear,  
I'm filled with ecstasy !

" *God* is my portion and my cup,  
The theme of all my songs,  
'Tis *He* who bears my spirits up,  
To *Him* all praise belongs ! "

---

## COMFORTS IN WINTER.

I love, beside my gorgeous hearth, to sit in a winter's day,  
And smile at the flakes as they fall to their beds, or as they  
slumbering lay ;

I love, too, to watch the expanding flowers — the crocus and snow-  
drop,  
As they rise from their beds to hasten Spring, and quick their petals  
ope.

I love to hear the clouds' parting adieu, as round the zephyrs breathe,  
And to hail the yellow and crimson tints that paint the scene beneath,  
When the merry snow-birds hie to the light and flit o'er shrubs of  
glass ;

I surely imagine that Summer 's come, as 'long the cold months pass.

I love to behold my little peach-tree with icy jewels strung,  
Like a bright chandelier in Nature's church the lesser lights among,  
When the sunshine illumines each withered stalk that lifts its sickly  
head,

And the numerous fallen leaves that lie upon their spangled bed.

I love, too, to watch the frost-flowered pane as o'er its surface start  
The rays that wake blossoms in iris-hues to glad the poet's heart &  
And I love to mark the sun's parting ray, when to his couch he goes,  
For though he carries those blossoms away, a crystal forest grows.

And at eve when Queen Luna rides abroad with all her spangled  
train,

I love well to mark that gemm'd forest grown quite o'er the window-  
pane ;

And I love to catch a glimpse of the rays that play among the trees,  
Which cast their beautiful shades on my wall : O these are things that  
please !

---

#### THE BIRTH-DAY CORONAL.

ONE winter eve there met around  
Sweet Laura's gladsome hearth  
A happy band, and games went round  
To celebrate her birth.

Queen Luna deigned to grace the feast,  
And shining gifts she brought.  
And Flora came and spoke of gifts,  
With which she too was fraught.

"I've come from far, my children sweet,  
Though flowers I have but few ;  
Yet this lone coronal 's replete  
With lessons meet for you.

As *evergreen* let virtue be,  
And fragrant as the *rose*,  
So will its influence win to ye,  
As round its perfume goes.

As *amaranth* no treacherous frost  
Your love's bright hue should blast ;  
Deserted, and to tempests tossed,  
Its fervency should last.

Let *violets* your modesty  
With velvet lips proclaim,  
—The *myrtle's* innocence defy  
For you a purer name."

So said — she placed the coronal  
On Laura's placid brow ;  
Though a faint index of her heart,  
Warm with *religion's* glow.

## THOUGHTS

At the funeral of the Rev. B. B. WISNER, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and formerly Pastor of the Old South Church; who died in Boston, February 9, 1835, in the forty-first year of his age.

WEEP, Zion, weep ! and lave your hearts in grief,  
 And gather ye in humbleness to mourn ;  
 But not for him whose noble spirit 's flown  
 Upon the breath that gave it birth, and that  
 Recalled it to its great original.  
 Ye church of Christ ! be sad and sorrowful ;  
 A faithful watchman 's fallen at his post —  
 A mighty herald-man of God has ceased  
 From 'mong the living : WISNER, too, is dead !  
 Behold the cypress mantle that he wrought  
 Just now for thee to wear for martyred worth \*  
 In foreign clime, and gather to thyself  
 Its sacred folds, and sit in mourning *dumb*,  
*And open not thy mouth, for God hath done it.†*  
 The lips that sent Lyman and Munson forth,  
 And gave the parting charge, ' Be faithful e'en  
 To death,' and which have spoke their eulogy,  
 And plead so oft, ' Thy kingdom come, O God,'  
 Are sealed in marmorean stiffness. And  
 Those eyes which turned with eloquent desire  
 To Heaven for a lost world, have ceased to beam.  
 That hand that was so diligent to lead  
 The lambs of a wont flock so gently forth

\* Lyman and Munson, missionaries, who were murdered by the natives in the interior of the island of Sumatra.

† The discourse at the funeral was founded on Psalms, xxxix, 9, — ' I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.' This text was selected by M<sup>rs</sup>. Wisner.

For Christ to bless them, and which put the seal  
 Of covenant on their brow, its censer has  
 Laid by, nor more shall offer unto God  
 The incense of the pious parent's heart  
 At the baptismal font, nor shall it more  
 Break at the altar emblematic bread,  
 Nor pour the sacramental wine, to feast  
 With love the fold of Christ. Ah, Christian, too,  
 That heart that beat so fervently for truth,  
 Has laid its last pulsation down upon  
 The altar of your sacrifice.

Behold the corse, and weep ! ye that have heard  
 The messages of God from those same lips  
 So heedlessly. And while ye gather round  
 These relics, cast a glance prospective down  
 The stream of time that hurries on, and haste  
 Your preparation for the bar of God ;  
 Lest in that hour when all the issues of  
 This probatory sphere are tried in Heaven,  
 That voice, now silent in the embrace of death,  
 Shall from its glorious body break upon  
 Your ear, in withering attestations to  
 Your recklessness, and ye be lost forever !

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, look into the tomo. Weep not — rejoice !  
 'Tis nature's treasury of sacred dust.  
 This is the sepulchre where Eckley lies.\*  
 And Huntington and his bright spouse  
 Laid down their ashes here, in this same vault.  
 And now, while we commit to earth remains  
 Of one so kindred in his life, rejoice !  
 For lo, there is a glorious day at hand,  
 When they, together, at the trump of God,  
 Shall, wing to wing, mount up to Heaven, and from

\* The tomb belonging to the Old South Society, in the Granary Burying-ground,  
 Tremont Street, Boston.

The multitudes around the great white throne,  
Gather unto themselves a throng, who 'll shine  
As stars in the broad firmament above,  
And gems in their eternal diadems.  
Rejoice ! for thou — whose'er thou art — e'en thou  
Whose eye beholds these last sad offices,  
May shine among that throng, if only thou  
Wilt listen to the voice that echoes round  
This sepulchre, 'Be ye also ready,'  
And wilt obey this message of the dead.  
Grave it upon the heart, O Lord, and seal  
It with the eternal signet of thy grace !

---

## ALONE ON THE SABBATH.

"Changed into the same image from glory to glory." — HOLY WRIT.

ALONE — the world shut out — how does the soul  
Mount up with pinioned flight, to catch a glimpse  
Of the unblemished spirit-world to which  
'Tis destined ! How the pulses quicken, and  
The bosom sprightlier beats, as fade away  
The separating clouds of earth before  
The Sun of Righteousness, a vision free  
And full presenting of the Lamb of God,  
Whose mein is winning in its lineaments  
To the unsated spirit ! Sweetly chimes  
The vibrant swell of love that fills  
All Heaven with joy, and melts away  
The soul into the image of its God !  
Too short are hours and days for bliss like this !

'JOY IN HEAVEN.'

A SACRED SONG.

Luke xv, 7.

WHENCE those notes of dulcet stringing?  
Come they not from Heaven above —  
Halcyon joy my bosom bringing?  
O, they're notes of Angels, winging  
Through the realms of light and love!

Yes, they're harping notes of praise  
Of the burning seraphim;  
Whose psalm like the genial rays  
Of Heaven's sun, a glow conveys  
To the echoing Cherubim!

Hark! they vibrate 'midst the pages  
Of the holy Book of God:  
Thence I learned their sweet presages;  
Leaning on the Rock of Ages,  
Now I catch the swelling ode!

Precious talisman of Heaven!  
How my heart begins to burn:  
Joy throughout the hosts of Heaven,  
O'er a penitent forgiven —  
O'er a prodigal's return!

Can it be — the holy nation  
Thus greets sinners turned to God?  
Join the chorus, all Creation,  
Shout aloud the song, *Salvation*  
*Through the great Redeemer's blood!*



## THE CHRISTIAN FATHER'S LAMENT.

"The wicked shall perish.—Ps. xxxvii. 20."

'He dies !

My sinful son! ere he has reached the goal  
Of phantom bliss. Those eyes no more shall search  
The sacred volume to pervert its truths :  
No more behold the emblematic wine  
And bread significant of Jesus' death,  
To count his sufferings an unmeaning thing.  
No more those ears shall list the solemn sound  
"Repent," as from the sacred lips of those  
Who minister in holy things around  
The sacrificial altar, 'tis proclaimed.  
No more that haughty spirit shall disdain  
To note the warnings of a parent's heart.  
No more that bosom rest in sinful trust  
On Him, whose mercy spread his cottage-board  
From day to day,—whose goodness should have led  
Him swiftly to repent. No more those hands  
Shall grasp the horns of Baal's altar, nor  
Shall heave the censer unto Mammon more.  
Those feet no more their wayward course shall choose.  
Alas! that pulseless bosom tells he's dead !  
The pinioned spirit flies to meet its Judge.  
No astral radiance haloes that cold brow,  
Nor lights my spirit with its genial sheen —  
He's lost — my son is lost forever !

Thus mused the stricken father, as he viewed  
The pallid form of his loved son ; when o'er  
His better nature stole a withering blast,  
And mingled up his resignation-eup,  
And he gave loose to melancholic sighs.

'O, eyes ! ye cannot weep, nor fast, nor long  
 Enough to flow the river of my grief !  
 Nor can this heart its aching fountains burst,  
 Nor throb half full or fast enough to tell  
 The measure of my woes. O, spirit ! break,  
 And burst the bands of this mortality,  
 And dash thyself a willing sacrifice  
 Upon the altar of paternal love ;  
 If but perchance one heedless son of earth  
 May note the fervor of a father's heart,  
 And see its incense rise, as he pours out  
 In bitterness his soul upon the fire  
 Of disappointed hope.'

Alas ! how e'en the mighty fall, when weak  
 Humanity lets in the current of  
 A deep affection partly sanctified  
 Without restraint. Parents ! events  
 Like this, o'er which your fancy lingers, are  
 The warning messages from Heaven to you,  
 Submissively to bow beneath the rod,  
 E'er so severe be its heart-rending strokes,  
 When wielded by your gracious Father's hand ;  
 And lessons too, frail nature to distrust,  
 Though under vows most sacred to its God ;  
 For, he that thinks he stands, too often falls.

---

#### A VISIT TO A DYING FRIEND.\*

'TREAD lightly o'er the threshold, and leave there  
 The vanities of earth and every pulse  
 Of worldliness, as unfit garments ; for

\* Benjamin Haggens Pray, son of Isaac C. Pray, Esq., who died in Boston, December 10, 1835—three days after the preparation of this piece for the 'Boston Pearl.'

The place then entrant is filled with heaven,  
 And angels hover there, to bear away in peace  
 The waiting spirit of the friend then leavest.

Thus, as it were, a voice from the serene  
 And azure firmament, was I addressed  
 In my sad musings, while I pressed the step  
 Of one whose heart-strings interwove with mine  
 In by-gone days, and whom I loved as my  
 Own soul, but whom the Author of all life  
 Had laid upon a bed of death. I took  
 Due heed, and lightly trode the floor, lest I  
 Might dissipate the swelling notes of joy  
 That rose from the bright tenant of the couch,  
 Whose heart impelled the feeble lips to exclaim,  
 'How sweet a thing to die !'

He lay, the son of earth,  
 New-clad for Heaven, in robes of Jesus's love,  
 A youth of nineteen harvests, born, alas !  
 Alas ! too soon to die — or rather one  
 Whose spirit lit with a celestial fire,  
 Sought its great Emanant in spheres  
 Worthy its burning influences. True,  
 The lucid eye had dimmed itself for death ;  
 The intelligent brow was wrinkled by disease ;  
 The sunny locks, that played in the light winds,  
 Were matted with the moisture of the grave,  
 And showed no lustre, though a stream of light  
 Anon concentrated on his forehead, when  
 The drapery of his couch was drawn. His voice  
 Was nearly spent, but every whisper seemed  
 Like the vibration of a harp whose strings  
 Were swept by airs of Heaven. Every word  
 Was rich with holy love to God and man.  
 The pallid countenance, the hollow cough,  
 The emaciate visage — all, all told too plain,  
 That he was marked Consumption's victim sure.

The manly form was prostrate; but the soul  
 Was lift on high, and waited for the call  
 Of God, to rise with the bright company  
 Of ministering spirits that bent low  
 Upon his pillow, soon to join the throng  
 Of ceaseless worshippers around the throne  
 In Heaven.

It was a privilege indeed  
 To be there, and to take the hand of one  
 Whose home was in the skies, and who would soon  
 Possess the mansion there prepared for him  
 By Christ. 'Twas sweet, indeed, to hold converse  
 With one who e'en already breathed the air  
 That wafted from the streets celestial, and  
 Who soon would tread the golden pavements. Once  
 I was his teacher; but I felt that now  
 I was the pupil; and the lesson that  
 I learned there buoys my spirits up when I  
 Reflect on death. My heart was better ere  
 I left the interesting spot, and my  
 Dull spirit quickened by the joy that lit  
 His bosom, blent itself away from earth  
 With his in prayer and praise.

I fain would leave  
 This tenement of clay as he will leave  
 The tabernacle of his pilgrimage;  
 For sure, if aught on earth is enviable,  
 It is the dying bed of sainted youth,  
 With all the glorious hopes that cluster round  
 The downy pillow softened by the hand  
 Of Christ, and cheered by radiations bright,  
 That beam from the great Sun of Righteousness.  
 Fond youths! look down the vista of your days,  
 And haste your preparation for a scene  
 So lovely in itself—so full of sweet,  
 Consolatory balm to weeping friends—  
 So rife with honor to your Maker, God!

## A BRIEF CHAPTER ON JEWELRY.

‘Ha! ha! — see this old fellow!’ cried a little urchin to his playmate the other day, as he happened to overtake a respectable octogenarian, whose three-cornered scraper, four feet staff, and other antiquated habiliments indicated but little regard to the ever-changing fashions of modern times. Immediately another little fellow came along hooting and hallooing like a wild boy from the woods. They had scarcely succeeded in attracting the attention of the insulted and venerable man, when up stepped a gentleman with an air of authority, and taking each of the vociferous youths suddenly by the arm, addressed them in substance as follows. ‘My sons! I am ashamed that you should so treat that good old man. Never again deride any one for the peculiarities of their apparel. Every one has a taste or fancy in regard to their clothes, and it is as absurd for one to ridicule his neighbor for petty differences in the texture or cut of his coat, or the number and size of the buttons upon it, as it would be to desire that every one should eat the same kind of food, or that they should eat nothing at all; for there have been instances of men living without eating for a considerable time. No, no, — never again let me know you to insult those whom

you should revere for their superiority in years, and whom you should respect for their firmness in resisting the temptations of fashion, which are as capricious as the sunshine and showers of an April day.'

The position I had taken at the entrance of St. John's Park, in expectation of soon meeting a friend who was to admit me to this delightful enclosure, enabled me to hear the whole of this salutary lecture to the two rude chaps; and I could second every word of it. Nevertheless, I maintain the right of conductors of, or contributors to the popular press, to criticise — without personal allusion — the prevailing fashions of the day. And holding this sentiment, I will now briefly recur to the present fondness for tawdry jewelry.

One can scarcely cross the streets without encountering some fop with the head of Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, or Alexander the Great, in bass-relief upon a mock cameo bosom-pin somewhat smaller than the palm of one's hand. A more ridiculous fashion never prevailed. It is anti-republican. There is nothing comes near to it in likeness, without it be that ultra-pedantic custom pursued by some members of literary and other clubs, in wearing upon ordinary occasions some mysterious insignia dangling from the button-hole of their coats, or a knowing sort of a key, e. g. a Greek delta, made from the best of *jeweller's gold*. A few days

since, a young man who lives with me, and who is something of a wag, on being called, presented himself, with a shell brooch upon the bosom of his shirt, — it was one of the most hideous of the shells known to naturalists, I believe, as belonging to the genus *Cypria*, species *Caput Serpentis*, set in a huge brass ring, with a pin nearly large enough to nail a clapboard. I was so pleased with the sarcasm, that for the life of me I could not reprehend the youth.

Indeed, the whole custom of wearing jewelry is carried to such an extreme in these days, that an apprentice boy is hardly equipped for the duties of his station, unless he possess a safety-chain and at least half as many rings as he has fingers. Nor is a female domestic esteemed anything *'by herself'*, unless she has a gold necklace and a silver comb, or vastly good imitations of these essential decorations of the fashionable lady.

But, according to the title of my chapter, I must be brief, and will only add that, in my humble opinion, the greatest ornament with which an intelligent immortal who is destined to inhabit eternity can be adorned, is *'the ornament of a meek, quiet, and contented spirit.'*

## MOUNT AUBURN.

"Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled? No;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree."

\* \* \* \* \*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOMETIME in the autumn of 1832, a friend from Alabama requested me to ride to Mount Auburn with him, as he had an intense desire to see a place of which so much had been said and written. I embraced the opportunity to gratify his wishes, although I could not well conceive what should so particularly elicit the marked interest that he manifested in a spot which had so recently been consecrated as a place of sepulture. 'Half that I came to Boston for,' said he, 'was to visit Mount Auburn Cemetery.' Now the fact was, *he* had contemplated the Mount in the abstract; and by reading the descriptions of the various improvements which were had in prospect by the proprietors, had conjured up in his imagination a 'city of the dead,' equalling in funereal splendor the far-famed 'Père la Chaise,' at Paris. On the other hand, *I* had been accustomed to look upon this projected cemetery as merely projected; and had, ever since the consecration, been wont to associate 'Sweet Auburn' with the recollections of boyhood, and the



gay rambles of the Harvardinians. I was not in the practice of considering it as a place of solemn thought and profitable reflection; but rather as a lovely spot, where, if perchance reflection ever came, it came as to a secret haunt of those who stole there to pour their eloquence on the still winds, that they might be the better practised for the meed of a feverish ambition.

The appointed morning came; and never did a lovelier day dawn upon creation. The sun, however, was never more resplendent, and had not a delightful breeze from the west breathed its reviving freshness over the landscape of our anticipated excursion, this generally welcome brilliancy of the 'orb of day' would have deterred us from a thorough exploration of the several hills, dells, and plains, that constitute what is known as Mount Auburn Cemetery. As it was, we rode over the sandy road that leads from the 'Canal Bridge,' revelling in the delightful odors that were exhaled from wild flowers that here and there deck the border of the way, and in the idea that though we made a great dust as we brushed over the sun-parched road, we were not subjected to the inconveniences and annoyances of those who, in common parlance 'make a great dust in the world;' for our dust with its troubles was left behind us, and we were constantly being ushered into lovelier and brisker gales, the farther we receded from the city.

We arrived at the Cemetery ; and as I had not visited Auburn for a number of months, what was my astonishment in viewing the massive gate-way that had been thrown over its entrance ! I almost imagined myself withdrawn from my father-land, and suddenly transported to those scenes in Egypt, made familiar to us by the accounts of Belzoni, and Martin's inimitable mezzotinto of the 'Departure of the Israelites.' And then there was a solemnity impressed upon my mind by the inscription upon the architrave, unlike anything that had ever taken possession of me at 'Sweet Auburn.' '*Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.*' How solemn — how appropriate !

We entered the grounds, and plodded on through a number of avenues and paths, labelled with the most tasteful names in the nomenclature of Flora. For some time we looked in vain for some object that should designate the resting-place of any mortal who had finished his earthly course, and whose spirit had gone to render 'an account of the deeds done in the body.' Still we kept an onward course, and indulged in a free interchange of thoughts and opinions respecting death — such as seemed naturally to flow from the conviction that we were treading upon soil consecrated to the sepulture of those whose spirits are breathed into them by the great Author of the universe.

After a number of meanderings that brought us to the same spot from whence we started, we essayed toward an object that appeared like a pyramid of fresh-blown flowers. It was the monument to the memory of 'Hannah Adams, Historian of the Jews, Reviewer of the Christian sects, &c.' It appears by the inscription that 'this monument was erected by her female friends;' and it is a delightful testimonial to the gratitude of those who have drunken deep at the fountain of her intellectual well-spring, and who have raised this memento, as well as a substantial memorial of the intellectual and moral worth of the subject of its epitaph. The monument had been visited early in the morning, and had been decked with garlands of flowers and willow-boughs. I could not but reflect upon the eloquence of flowers when associated with funereal emblems. Their language is almost heard in the gentle breeze that bears their fragrance to the thoughtful spectator. And here especially, amid a wide range of land cultivated only by the hand of nature, tastefully — yet without formality — gathered from the gardens of a people stigmatized for worldliness and money-getting, and placed upon the monument to the 'first tenant of Mount Auburn,' they seemed to speak with redoubled pathos.

As we stood enchained at this altar of affection, I could recount many a pleasant interview

that I had held with the aged and venerable matron in literature, whose body lay beneath it. My friend knew her by reputation, (as every American should) and was so affected by the unexpected result of his pilgrimage to Auburn, in finding opportunity to do homage to her departed excellence at the appropriate shrine, that he gathered a few fragments of the Sienite that had been hewn from the wall-stones of the tomb, and carefully wrapped them in paper, to be deposited in his collection of geological specimens—not so much as curiosities, or to supply needed variety in his cabinet, as to serve as a talisman of a cherished reverence for the spot and its associations.

But a few days after, I visited the Cemetery alone. I repaired to the lonely monument of Miss Adams, and sat down upon a stone to meditate. A voice seemed to come from the marble as from a sentinel at the gate of death, whose benevolence compelled him to hold colloquy with one who had never trodden the vale which he had walked, and who wished to say something to awaken a concern for the preparation that is necessary, in order to track its avenues in peace to the heavenly Jerusalem. I listened. The sentiments uttered were those of the immortal Shakspeare, as expressed in the motto of this piece. I listened again. The trees also seemed indeed vocal. Every one partook of the general disposition to apothegmatise. There was

a melancholy pleasure in listening to many of their revelations. Many were the declarations respecting individuals who would soon repose in death beneath their shades—some high, some low, some rich, some poor, some young, and some old, some good, and some bad. Shall I tell the community who the particular persons are of whom these things were uttered? No—it is not necessary; it would not be wise. Reader! go there now, and sit where I sat. Give up yourself to the purifying reflections which will naturally arise from the scenes there presented. Mark how the predictions have been fulfilled, and see what a multitude have been gathered into the garner of death. Examine the numerous monuments that have been erected. Especially, (I trust the advice may not be deemed invidious) note those of Spurzheim, Hannah Adams, Colburn, Durgin, McLellan, and Edwin Buckingham. Read their inscriptions. Note the occasionally falling leaves, which, like the tears of sorrowing nature, descend to fertilize the verdant sod which covers these bright ones from among her noblemen. Trace out all the avenues and paths. Mark the family squares laid out for the graves of those who are now in the bloom of health. Inhale the fragrance from the leaning rose, that is just scattering its lingering petals upon the turf that covers departed worth—paying its sad tribute to the hand that cultivated it. Retrace your steps.

And tell me, if, when you step over the threshold of the gateway, you are not overwhelmed with the conviction, that *one must be profited by a visit to Mount Auburn.*

---

## TO MY SABBATH SCHOLARS.

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

WHEN we have put aside, for a little time, the feverish hurry of business and pleasure with which we are accustomed to surround ourselves, and consider that the Almighty has declared that '*without holiness no man shall see the Lord,*' it becomes us, each one for himself or herself, to inquire, 'Have I this indispensable requisite for future happiness?' 'Am I holy?' 'And were I to die to-day or to-night, have I that purity of character which entitles me to, and would secure for me, everlasting bliss and glory?'

But, alas! when we do ask ourselves such questions as these, how apt are we to mistake in the estimation of our characters. How prone we are to look around upon the circle of our acquaintance, and select one and another from their number, and — analyzing their characters rather than our own, and fixing our attention upon the inferior traits, and

upon the blemishes and flaws, — to console ourselves with the reflection that we are not addicted to their vices, their weaknesses, their follies — surely, then *we* are in a pretty good condition.

John hears Thomas tell a lie ; he is startled, and has a secret conviction that Thomas is a very bad boy ; but that he is himself free from such baseness. Thomas hears James swear and take God's name in vain ; and this being a step beyond lying to a playmate, he forgets his own sin, and is entirely absorbed with the consideration, *what a wicked boy James is*. And perhaps, if we could follow this young profaner of God's holy name to his home, we should find him telling his father or mother, with expressions of astonishment, of some awfully great sin which some other boy had committed. Again ; Charles, who conducts himself with the utmost decorum at home, and has always preserved a becoming exterior deportment, in his turn tells a doleful tale to his parent or teacher, about Joseph, who has, perhaps for the first time, broken the Sabbath by the crime of 'pitching coppers' during its sacred hours, upon a retired wharf, while he smothers in his own bosom the sin of wandering and loitering about, as he often does, during holy time, with the consideration that he *only went to take a walk*. And so I might go on and picture to you instances involving the breach of every one of the commandments of the decalogue, by little boys and girls,

and by older persons, too ; but enough has been said, I doubt not, to produce conviction in every pupil's mind, that we are, all of us, too apt to form an estimate of our good estate; by the faults and failings of those around us, and with whom perhaps we occasionally associate.

But this is not a fair way of judging in regard to our moral and religious characters ; and by accustoming ourselves practically to embrace its delusions, we cheat ourselves of that purer happiness, which is the result of an enlightened conviction that we have ' a conscience void of offence toward God and man.' To gain a right estimate of ourselves, we must resort to higher criteria of judgment than the imperfections of our fellow-sinners. Suppose, for example, that any one of us, who may have been in the habit of estimating our character as has been described, were permitted the privilege of constant association and companionship with a Brainerd, a Martyn, a Payson, or a Cornelius; instead of mixing promiscuously with the good and bad, as we do from day to day, how many occasions *they* would find to check us in sin ; and how many opportunities should we find for self-reproach, in that we fell so far short of the purity, elevation, and holiness which would be manifested daily in their conduct and conversation !

But we have a yet higher standard than is furnished even in the examples of the magnanimous



men I have named — men who literally immolated themselves upon the altar of God. We have in our hands the Bible, which is the only true standard by which we are to try our characters. We may venerate, admire, and imitate the great and the good ; but let us not stop with the question, — ‘ *How nearly do I tread in their footsteps ?* ’ Let us rather take the commandments of God, and inquire whether we have lived up to *their* requirements in all their exceeding length and breadth. Let us examine the character of Jesus Christ, the great Exemplar of perfect obedience to God’s will, and then inquire how much of *his* spirit, *his* temper, *his* holiness we possess. It is against *God* that we have sinned, and we must examine ourselves by *his* standard, and try ourselves as in *his* presence, if we would know what characters we possess — how unholy we are. And do we shrink back with a sense of our short-comings and sins, when viewing ourselves in the presence of Payson or Cornelius ? — Oh ! how should we abhor ourselves and loath our characters, were we faithfully to examine ourselves by the Scriptures, — realizing the presence of a holy God ! Angels, even of the highest order, veil their faces before the immaculate purity of God : then, who of us, think you, — were Jehovah to manifest himself visibly to our eyes here to-day, — who of us could dwell in his presence ?

There is a way provided for us, in which we can appear before God with rejoicing, while we behold him face to face. That way is penitence for sin, and trust in Jesus Christ alone for salvation. That is, — seeing that we have been very great sinners in neglecting and breaking God's commandments — we must be truly sorry for it — manifesting our sorrow by forsaking all sin — and seeing we can make no reparation for past wickedness, we must plead for, and trust in forgiveness through Christ who has suffered that the truly penitent might be saved. Now who of us has done this? Who has *holiness* by trusting in Christ's righteousness for salvation? Who of us is truly penitent? If the angel of life were to descend, and, by direction from the omniscient God, were to mark all those who are the truly penitent — the followers of Christ, how many in this room, think you, would bear the sign of the cross upon their foreheads? Would *you* have it, my dear boy? Would *you* have it, my little girl? Which of the young ladies or the young gentlemen in these Bible-classes would have it?

Or, if the angel of death were commanded to enter this school, and place his seal upon those who had never given their hearts to God, and never embraced the Saviour, who, think you, my dear friends, would be the bearers of that dread summons to an unprepared-for judgment and an undone eternity! Who, would it then appear, are practi-

cally declaring '*I will not repent,*' while the melting expostulations of a dying Saviour are yet vibrating upon our ears, and while we are reading and studying the Bible, which commands 'all men everywhere to repent and be converted?' Let us, each and all, examine this precious volume more constantly, carefully, and prayerfully, and ask, — '*Lord, is it I?*' And may God in his mercy grant us a true knowledge of ourselves, and bring us finally to his heavenly kingdom!

---

#### A TRAVELLING SKETCH.

THORBURN'S, — New-York.

I AM now in New-York. I have just been 'taking a lounge' at Thorburn's —, I cannot tell what to call it. He calls it a 'seed store.' But there are so many things in and about it, I know not whether seed-store, green-house, flower-garden, aviary, or what may be the most appropriate name. It is, however, a delightful place. I entered through a thickly studded garden of bulbs in full blossom, of every color, arranged in beds of about six feet square. The flowers were the healthiest I have ever seen, and filled the air, beneath the awning thrown over

to protect them from a very bright sun, with the most delectable odors. In one corner of the garden, there is an artificial pond, the area of which is about four by eight feet, supplied by a fountain which plays constantly into the air, and the descending spray, glistening as it falls, seems as though it must be a literal shower of pearls. This fountain is replenished continually by means of a subterranean tube leading from a reservoir out of sight. In the pond are perhaps a couple of hundreds of gold and silver fishes, from the sizes ordinarily kept in globes, up to those that will weigh a pound and a half. The bottom of the pond is strown with milk-white pebbles and shells ; when the sun is shining upon them down through the pigmy undulations of the crystal water, the effect is indeed fine.

That part of the establishment which more especially claims the appellation of green-house, is full of rare flowering plants in fine order, and on the whole, is better than anything of the kind in our city. My attention, however, has been chiefly bestowed upon three or four pots that stand near the entrance, and contained plants of a more ordinary character ; among which are a Cactus, a Columbine, and a clump of Lavender. These bring to my mind the remembrance of my deceased mother, and a thousand associations touching her devotion to the cultivation of plants. The Columbine and Lavender were favorites, and for a long

series of years delighted her with the fragrance and beauty which the labor of her hands had been instrumental in producing. O, how my heart is bound to this spot! My mother! my mother! these shall no more receive culture from thy trembling hand: but renewed in thy youth, thou shalt continually and forever gather fadeless and amaranthine flowers, that spontaneously spring up from the borders of the paradise of God, in Heaven!

The seed department is an arcade of about twenty-five feet in the extreme height, with a gallery on all sides, ascended by a stair-case at one end of the apartment. The walls are papered with landscape paper, and are hung with bird-cages — the tenants of which are not so lively as at some seasons of the year. I have been here when it has been difficult to hear a person speak — there was such a chattering and whistling of canaries and other birds. Here may be found seeds, roots, bulbs, bulb-glasses, flower-pots, hoes, rakes, hand-ploughs, spades, transplanting trowels, pruning-knives, hand-engines for washing the leaves of plants, and in short, everything used in horticulture, touched off in a style, and charged at a price to suit the most fastidious. Here also may be had 'The Young Gardener,' and the 'Experienced Gardener,' and all sorts of books on the subject of gardening. It is also quite a depôt of rare specimens and *Lusus Naturæ* in Botany, as well as of fine prints illustrative of Botany and Horticulture.

## A TRAVELLING SKETCH.

THE FALLING OF PHELPS AND PECK'S WAREHOUSE, — New-York.

A MOST melancholy casualty ! I was in the counting-house of a friend nearly opposite the corner of Cliff street, when I heard a very peculiar rumbling noise, without any perceptible jarring, and was at a loss what cause to attribute it to. I looked around, and perceived a panic-stricken gloom upon the countenance of every person present. One of the clerks made a sort of dive from his desk to the front window, and instantly exclaimed, ' Phelps & Peck's store is falling ! ' Before I could reach the window, about three-fourths of a beautiful and large fire-proof store — six stories in height, and occupying an area of about forty feet square — had become a heap of ruins. This sad calamity occurred within a stone's cast from the spot I now stand upon, and the very side-walk which I trode but a few hours ago, groans beneath the burden of merchandise, rubbish, and human beings, that are dashed into an uncereimonious heap upon its surface.

It is now a little more than two hours since the fall. Two persons, unharmed, have been extricated from a perilous situation in one of the lofts in a part of the store that is still standing. The

wall must have been miserably built, and scarcely locked at all where the separation took place between the part that has fallen and that which remains: for the line of division is as straight as if it had been marked with a plummet, and been drilled with a 'cold chisel.'

Two persons more, and a horse that was attached to a dray in an arch beneath the second story, have been extricated from the ruins. One of the men was forcibly drawn out by the arms, and the other was literally disinhumed from a mass of bricks and rubbish that entirely enveloped him. These individuals were able to walk with assistance. They owe their deliverance to the firemen who are on duty; and their wonderful escape from instantaneous death to an over-ruling Providence that so arranged the fallen masses of building materials and cotton, as to protect rather than crush them.

It is supposed that there are yet some six or eight individuals beneath the ruins. The voices of some are distinctly recognised by friends, as their cries for help penetrate the interstices of the melancholy heap. Some of them must inevitably perish before they can be disburthened of the load that is pressing upon them. What a sad reflection! One of my friends, Mr. S., a devout and active Christian, is supposed to be among the sufferers. I hope these unfortunates may all be as well prepared to meet death as I think he is.

The horror that pervades the minds of many here cannot be described. Some are almost crazed with the account. Some look as pale as death. Most well-disposed persons in the neighborhood are *unfitted* to perform the business which mere curiosity would perhaps have led them to suspend. And are there ill-disposed persons in such a solemn hour, and surrounded with such solemn circumstances? Alas, alas, for poor human nature! — there are at this moment those who are removing the rubbish to secure booty to themselves, rather than to lengthen out the span of a fellow-being! Here flies an elderly female with an apron full of cotton. There goes a reckless boy bending with the burden of a box of tin plates, and another with a pig of lead or a block of spelter. But there is a posse of police officers on hand, under the direction of high-constable Hays, who is flying about with his wand mounted with a gilt eagle, and doubtless these vagabonds will reap speedy justice.

Only so long ago as this morning, I was looking at this store, counting the stories, &c.; and what is it now! I never before witnessed anything like this dreadful calamity; God grant I never may again. How necessary is preparation for death! We know not how it may overtake us. And since we must die at some day not very distant, let us be wise, and secure that character 'without which no man shall see the Lord.'



## A TRAVELLING SKETCH.

## A FASHIONABLE LUNCH — A FEMALE BEAUTY.

Philadelphia.

I VISITED the United States Mint day before yesterday, and saw the workmen 'make money' literally. The processes are simple, but I will not particularize at this time. I also visited the Navy Yard, and explored four decks of the mammoth vessel now on the stocks. But I make record at this time, more especially, that I may introduce to notice one other subject of notoriety in this 'city of brotherly love.' And my kind reader may as well prepare to laugh, for it is rather a laughable curiosity that I shall exhibit.

Well, then, here it is. There is in Philadelphia a Miss H —, who has the name, among a large class of those who profess to be judges of personal beauty, of being the handsomest *lady* in the United States. She is the active agent of a fashionable mercantile lunch, or pie-shop. Her father is probably the proprietor of the establishment; but she does all the business within doors, — being more agreeable and attracting to the patrons of the establishment. A friend, who is a young merchant here, invited me to partake of a glass of lemonade, that I might behold this remarkable belle. I, of course,

accepted the invitation, not so much because I expected or desired to be enamored of her beauty, as that I might indulge myself somewhat in the investigation of an affair which seemed to involve the interests of *young men*.

Miss. H. is tolerably pretty in her person and general address ; but to bestow such extravagant encomiums on her beauty as appear to be very common here, would be *in me* a departure from truth. I mention this without any conscious prejudice against her ; nor am I willing to acknowledge that I am totally indifferent to external appearances, however much more I may value the attractions of a refined intellect and a pure heart.

I present this subject to my reader, merely to give a sample of the many ideal attractions that beset dwellers in cities of great magnitude. I have no doubt of the influence of the arch-enemy of virtue in all this. To see a young woman of intelligent countenance, mingling liquid poison for those who open not their mouths without emitting the noxious effluvia of diseased nature, and the curses worthy only of a devil in the regions of unfathomable darkness ; and to see the young men of this city, and other cities too, (for her groggery is a shrine toward which many a distant orison is breathed, and to which many a foreign pilgrim bends) to see, I say, many from the bloom of the male part of the population in this country, in whom rests the future pros-

pects and destinies of the land, fascinated by an *ignis fatuus* of their own creation, and sacrificing their health and character to maintain the charming illusion is proof enough to my mind that human nature, at least in these cases, is vulnerable to the attacks of the powers of darkness. I said, 'prepare to laugh;' but I might more properly have said, *prepare to weep!*

---

#### PRAYER FOR THE UNION.

It may seem improper, to some persons, that an obscure Christian should busy himself at all upon subjects of national polity; and much more so that he should give publicity to the crudities which may be concocted in his diminutive mind. Be it so. He will doubtless then be excused for his ignorance, rather than reproached for his temerity, should he for once speak his mind on a subject, which *to him* seems of sufficient magnitude and importance, to induce even him in his seclusion, to enter a word for the peace of Jerusalem, amid the din of conflicting elements, in this time of high-wrought excitement upon national affairs.

I hold it as a general principle for the government of my own conduct, not to identify myself

---

with any political party or body of men. Still, if there be any party who hold out for individual rights, for the peaceful possession of guarantied possessions, for the rights of conscience, for the encouragement of virtue, and for the punishment of vice, more than another, — to that party I am allied, and to that party, I am willing to declare, I will ever remain a firm adherent, be it for life or be it for death, so far forth as the maintenance of these principles is concerned.

But let me not be misunderstood. Think not for a moment that I would amalgamate the church and the state, that vice might wither, and virtue flourish. No, no. The history of even enlightened and elevated England teaches me that this would be miserable economy. My idea is, that to connect the state with the church is to erect a wall or barricade around the dwelling-place of the Most High ; to circumscribe, if possible, the outgoings of Jehovah himself, and to shut out from the garden of the Lord, the beams which are to enliven and animate the vine which his own right hand hath planted.

Nor let it be supposed for a moment that I would bound away to that other extreme, and divest the government of all right to recognize in her proceedings, Virtue, Religion, Justice. Far from it. She should never lose sight of the eternal principles involved in these epithets, in her endeavors to

promote the external prosperity of her constituents. She should never wittingly suffer herself to be drawn into collision with these all-important interests. Such an event would call for the reprobation of every honest man, for the indignant protest of every Christian heart.

But, alas ! what are these times upon which we have fallen ? Surely, the present (1832) is an eventful period in the history of this highly favored country. One declares — not tauntingly, but with tears — that ‘the current term of Presidency, signalized as it is and has been by the abrogation of plighted faith, and the diminution of wonted respect to the judiciary, constitutes an era in the administration of our government.’ Another reiterates that ‘there is an appalling lack of interest in the affairs and rights of the Indians and Aborigines of our country, which has encouraged a spirit of reckless avarice for their guarantied possessions, that has at length wrested from a portion of them the homes which were doubly their own, and that, too, under the legislative sanction of an individual State, patronized by the smiles of the chief magistrate of this great Republic.’ And yet another affirms that ‘not only are the *red* men oppressed, but — with shame be it said — two of the messengers of truth to those benighted fellow-beings are now incarcerated within the territory of this free country, for occupying their posts as Watchmen of Israel in

the Cherokee country : and what is more, their watch-towers, where they were accustomed to preach the everlasting gospel of the Son of God, had been bought and paid for.' And can it be, I am led to inquire as I review these paragraphs, can it be that all this is truth? 'Ay,' cries an ardent politico religionist; 'indeed it ~~is~~ truth, too palpable not to be known by the most obscure and retired citizen. And yet it is not so dreadful a truth, as that the genius of oppression treads upon the necks of two millions of our own colored population. But verily, neither of these things ought so to be. What honest man can contemplate them without sighing from the fullness of his grief, "my country — my country!"'

But, soberly, — the internal commotions arising from *various* sources, causing the nation to heave and rock with jarring interests, indicate a crisis in the union of these States, if not in the prosecution of the hitherto glorious experiment of republican self-government. Whether the seeds of disruption which are constantly springing up, are of exotic or native origin, I shall not here attempt to settle. Be this as it may, the fruits are palpable, not only at home, but abroad; and the crowned heads of Europe are looking to the event of all this trouble with an intensity of interest a thousand-fold greater than that which is elicited in our own country. O, that at least American *Christians* would awake to the

importance of securing the union of these States, and of supporting a form of government, which, while it has conferred the greatest amount of temporal comforts and happiness, has thus far, by the blessing of the all-wise Disposer of events, proved the most congenial to the growth of true religion and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

And does any one ask, 'What can *I* do to secure the perpetuity of the Union, and the multifarious blessings incidentally resulting therefrom?' To such an one I would answer, that it is not my purpose, at this time, to enter into the *minutiae* of duty which devolve upon every Christian citizen in such a time as this. It is my intention to point only to one duty which every true patriot owes to his beloved country, to his own bosom, and to his God. It can be performed alike by the rich and the poor, by the learned and the unlearned. It is simply this: to wit — Let every man who believes that God is the hearer of prayer, offer one prayer daily for the salvation of this our beloved country from disunion and anarchy. Do you not think, kind reader, that such a united cry for peace and the consequent blessings to Zion, would come up as sweet incense before God? Do you not believe that such a petition, offered in the spirit of intelligent dependence and faith, would enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth? Most surely it would; and legions of angels, if needed, would be sent forth

as ministering spirits to accomplish the glorious work. The honor of the Almighty, and the honor of his holy word, are both pledged for the fulfilment of such an appropriate request. Let me conjure you, then, by all that is precious in the inheritance which, as a citizen of this free country, you have received from your fathers ; by all that is lovely in the realization of the contemplated growth of our country, and a co-extensive growth of the facilities of peopling the kingdom of the Redeemer ; by the love which you bear to the Saviour, to the souls of your fellow-men, and to yourselves ; let me conjure you, I say, to *pray*, pray earnestly that the clouds which hang over us — portending evil to our civil and religious institutions — way be dissipated by the Almighty, and that the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness may pervade our land in all its length and breadth. And let me beseech you not to be diverted from this duty by the insinuations of Satan, raising in the mind the questions of administration and anti-administration. For, fortunately, the subject is not left to revolve upon so feeble an axis. It is Christianity ! Christianity ! that we are pleading for. Let us keep Christianity before our view continually, and pray for the removal of every obstacle that would at all retard the wheels of the chariot of her salvation. Let us pray that the all-wise Disposer of events may so over-rule the unpropitious operations of governmental polity, (if any



such occur) that good shall be brought out of evil, and that his providence shall be glorified. And while by our acts of devotion we show that we '*fear God*,' let us also by our every act show that we '*honor the King*,' lest the enemy have occasion to triumph. Let us view the untoward events that have recently occurred, as evils suffered to fall to our lot by the permissive providence of God, rather than refer them to the maliciously preconcerted arrangements of the prince in power; and however great the evils may be, forget not, I beseech you, that they are not so great that Jehovah cannot at his fiat remove them, in answer to 'the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous,' which always 'availeth much.'

---

#### THE CONCLUSION.

"WHAT?"

The *conclusion*, my kind reader! Pray, did you never hear of a *conclusion*? I doubt not you have often and gladly met with such a thing, however unpoetical the word may be for the title of a literary composition. But in plain English, this is intended for the last piece in my book. For "more copy" is the cry, and although I have "copy" enough to

---

employ a printer's urchin (I will not call you "devil," my lad) a whole day in transporting from my house to Faust's, I cannot at present attend to its collation. I cannot say, as did Geoffrey Crayon in early life, while he was performing a poetical pilgrimage at Stratford-on-Avon, that I am "a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own." Nor can I say, with Burton, "I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene." No; thank Heaven, I have a home, a wife, a child. The items of care resulting from such fortunate possessions, and the duties involved in such relations, together with sundry little imperatives arising from a small interest in a small establishment for the purchase and sale of small matters, and some few out-of-door transactions with the world, must be my apology for taking my leave. And in doing so, I have one favor to ask of my patient (?) reader; it is, that although he may charge me with being beyond redemption affected with *cacoëthes scribendi*, and not a little pedantry, he will nevertheless give me the credit of perpetrating this volume for a benevolent purpose, since the object of the work is practically to set forth to *young men especially*, a mode of recreation more

rational in itself than *many* of the numerous plans that are devised for the occupation of their leisure hours, and one which *may* prove itself greatly conservative to society, by its diffusive influence upon the intellects and hearts of *the people*.

MEM. — Never, until writers are better paid for their services, let literature interfere a jot or tittle with the demands of accustomed business, if you have any.









1

7



